

# COUNTRY LIFE

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HUGH CECIL

MRS. BONHAM-CARTER.

100, Victoria Street, S.W.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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### POSTAGE OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Under the new postal regulations this special Christmas Number of "Country Life" cannot be sent at the newspaper rate of postage which carries the ordinary issues. The cheapest way to transmit it throughout the United Kingdom is by parcel post. Copies for abroad should be sent by book post.

## A CHRISTMAS SURVEY

THERE has been so much pessimism expressed recently that it can do no harm to look round and note what symptoms of good cheer exist at the beginning of Advent. On a memorable occasion Lord Beaconsfield said that Sir Robert Peel had found the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes. Germany, in a slightly metaphorical sense, found this country bathing last year and in a very unfavourable position for defending herself against a combination of the two greatest military Powers

in the world. Expert opinion on the Continent was pronouncedly decided that the Kaiser had a comparatively easy game to play. The German newspapers, in fact, spoke as though the smashing of France and of Russia, then of the all-hated one, Great Britain, was only a matter of time. Yet, after all these months of bitter warfare, Great Britain stands at the end possessed of much territory that was previously German, while the Germans do not hold an inch that was previously British. In France, although for many a long day our little Army had to cope with immensely superior numbers, it never was defeated. The retirement from Mons, which bore the closest resemblance to defeat, was the cause of grumbling and almost insubordination among our troops, who wanted there and then to fight it out with the Germans. Sir John French had to use all his persuasion to reconcile them to a retreat in unison with the movement of the French army. The initial advantage which the long preparations of Germany enabled them to obtain at first has not been extended. In France, at any rate, the enemy has been driven backward to a perceptible degree, and, what is of more importance, the French have recovered their morale; they are properly proud of themselves, and clear-eyed and confident in the ultimate result. It is true that no advance of importance has been made in Belgium, and the tyrannical and merciless Germans are draining its life-blood. From this country which they profess to call neutral they have stolen factories and food and merchandise; they have oppressed it with fines and terrible punishments; they have practically made slaves of some of its people; so that it is not possible to derive much cheerfulness from a study of Belgium. But now that the British forces are thoroughly on the rise and equal, if not superior, to their opponents in guns and ammunition, we may be confident that the Kaiser will find it expedient to withdraw to the banks of the Rhine and will be fortunate if he is allowed to stay there.

In the Near East it cannot be said that our Allies stand in a fortunate position, and it is not the way of Englishmen to boast of their own immunity when their friends are hurt; but even there cosmos is being evolved surely, if slowly, out of chaos. The forces which have been protecting the Persian Gulf, and therefore our route to India in the Middle East, have been brilliantly successful, and it may be that before these lines are read Baghdad, that most romantic of Oriental cities, will be in our hands and the road to the Far East permanently made secure. Persia has effected her own downfall. Our business with Turkey, after all, is to protect Egypt and the Suez Canal, and no one who has studied the question doubts of our ability to do so. But here, as everywhere else, it must never be forgotten that the best defence is invariably a counter-attack. We have been forced to leave the initiative in the hands of our enemies at the beginning of this war, but woe betide us if our leaders are not swift and keen to take the offensive into their own hands now that the tables are beginning to turn. Even on the Russian front the outlook has ceased to be depressing. It is very evident that the Germans made a bad miscalculation there and left forces insufficient to cope with an enemy that they supposed beaten.

In this survey we have so far said nothing of the Navy, and, indeed, there is not much to say, except that the Navy has been steadily holding Germany down. Every attempt to squirm out of its stranglehold has only resulted in disaster. There were, first, the North Sea raids against Lowestoft and Hull and Scarborough; but they ended in a crushing defeat which left the German navy winged and alarmed for its safety. Since then the ships have practically remained locked up in Kiel Harbour. The submarine blockade which was announced with so much circumstance and parade by the Kaiser and his Admiral von Tirpitz was met and discomfited by the pluck, ingenuity and endurance of the British mariner. No voice is raised in Germany now to proclaim the havoc that German submarines are to bring about. The last remaining weapon to be dealt with is the Zeppelin.

## Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Maurice Bonham-Carter, formerly Miss Violet Asquith, whose marriage took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on November 30th.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

## COUNTRY NOTES



FOR the second time since the war began we are able to place a Christmas Number before our readers. Twelve months of history have been lived through, and yet the changes have not been vital as far as this country is concerned. Germany has poured forth rage and hate in vain as far as Great Britain is concerned. During the months of war through which we have already gone Britain has stood like a vigilant Master of Fence, keeping long odds at bay and all the time calling together mighty and trained forces. Germany, with everything starting in her favour, has not been able to inflict a wound, far less a defeat, on Great Britain, and so rapidly is our position improving that her chance of doing so has passed, and it is our turn now. Our countrymen have maintained their ancient right to grumble, but in spite of many pessimistic expressions the people of this country are more certain than they were at the beginning of the war that might shall fail and right prevail, until at length peace and goodwill have resumed their reign over the nations.

KITCHENER'S ARMY is being very highly tried by the weather conditions, but we are glad to hear from the front that the men are showing the pluck, cheerfulness and tenacity of veteran soldiers. One of them writes that "We have had winter brought home to us by a fall of snow preceded by a wet spell. We are learning what trench warfare is like in the winter and, to put it mildly but plainly, it is Hell." Nevertheless, they are able to take a serene and cheerful view of the situation and to undergo these difficulties without flinching. Mr. Watson Rutherford, the Member for the West Derby Division of Liverpool, has sent the following extract from a letter written by his son. It illustrates faithfully and without exaggeration the manner in which the vicissitudes of war are accepted by a typical officer in Kitchener's Army, one who until he went abroad followed the peaceful profession of law in Liverpool.

"I AM very happy, though I would, at times, give everything to be at home again with you. But, on the other hand, as a sporting experience, it is priceless. For instance, I used to worry about all kinds of things, such as my famous appearance in the police court, but now nothing can affect me in the slightest, short of a shell or a trench mortar. I could view bankruptcy as a feeble joke. It makes you very indifferent to what other people do or think of you unless they love you, and that in the midst of all this hate becomes more and more precious. I would like to tell Father about Sergeant — (from his office). He had the universal admiration and respect of all his brother sergeants, and everyone who saw him speaks with emphasis of his courage and the calm way he talked and asked for his officer and gave his last orders after he had been almost blown in two by a trench mortar."

MANY of our readers will hear with particular regret that last week the name of Sir Schomberg McDonnell was added to the long list of those who have fallen in the war. He used to be the trusted secretary of the late Lord Salisbury, and when he was no longer needed in that capacity he was appointed secretary to the Office of Works. In this position he developed what had perhaps been latent or only unnoticed before—a most zealous enthusiasm for the preservation of ancient monuments. It was the hard

work connected with this office that seriously impaired his health. The final chapter of his life was interesting to the point of romance. A lady who happened to bear his name, although no relative, having no heirs and wishing to leave her Highland estate to a suitable successor, met Sir Schomberg McDonnell and chose him for that purpose. When the war broke out, he was just completing his new home at Dalness, in Glen Etive. At first his patriotism led him to act as chief officer in the Intelligence Department of the Home District at the Horse Guards, but he did not feel this to be enough, and finally accepted a commission in Lochiel's Highland regiment and, unnoticed, crossed over to France. He was there but a few days before being shot in a communication trench near Ypres, and his remains now rest in a military grave near the Flemish village of Abeelle.

FEW documents connected with the war are so charged with human feeling, sincerely felt, but unsentimentally expressed, as the will of Captain Francis Grenfell, V.C. It breathes the very spirit of the sportsman and gallant soldier. He bequeaths to his regiment, the 9th Lancers, his Victoria Cross and all his other medals, because he says the honour of winning them was entirely due to the splendid discipline and traditions which exist in this magnificent regiment. Evidently as dear to his heart as the Victoria Cross was his pony, Pearl of Price, "which was ridden by my brother Riversdale all through the retreat from Mons, and by me on all other occasions." His servants also are each remembered with a kindly phrase or two that probably mean more to them than the value of the bequest. This last message from Captain Grenfell is entirely in accord with the life which ended in a sacrifice to his country's need. Most fittingly may this note be followed by the example of faithful service which is recorded in Miss Armstrong's verses.

### SOMEWHERE.

PROCTOR-DILWORTH.—In loving memory of my master, Lieutenant Maclean Proctor-Dilworth, killed somewhere in France at 1 p.m., November 20th, 1914.

No mother or father saw him die,  
No sister or brother to say good-bye,  
No friends or relations to grasp his hand,  
But they hope to meet in the better land.

R.I.P.—His servant, Private E. V. Kennedy, 1st Batt. Sherwood Foresters. Advt. in "Morning Post," Nov. 20th, 1915.

"Somewhere in France," a year ago, to-day,  
Your master died,—but his brave spirit passed  
Beyond,—to grander issues—scope more vast,  
Freed from earth's fetters, loosed from bonds of clay.

Somewhere, this year, where'er your pathway lies,  
Your mem'ry wakes,—and calls upon his name,  
None can refute,—and therefore who shall blame  
If I suggest *His Memory Replies*?

Oh faithful heart! (such faith to life is leaven!)  
Whose loyalty stirs those depths I, too, have known,  
Believe with me that Love shall claim her own  
When we reach God, some day, "Somewhere" in Heaven.

NELLY M. ARMSTRONG (*Frank Mayhew*).

ONE of the reforms that will have to be undertaken in earnest after the war is that of the Consular Service. War has stripped its weakness naked. Up to now it has been conducted on very parsimonious principles, the idea being that true economy consisted in getting the consular duties discharged by someone on the spot who derived his livelihood from another source. The figures work out well enough, if we only look at them in a cheese-paring spirit. The Consular Service contains about a thousand members and costs in round numbers £93,000 a year. But there are returned in fees £75,000, so that the net cost only amounts to £18,000 for the whole service, or an average of between £18 and £19 per man. Now, it would cost considerably more to have at every important town a British Consul instead of the foreigners whom we employ just now. The whole time of the consul should be devoted to the discharge of his consular duties, these to include a vigilant outlook on the business possibilities of the location. This would no doubt cost a great deal more than the present system, but if the total expense amounted to a million a year, it would probably be returned many times over owing to the greater volume of business to be done. The Germans saw that long ago, and over and over again the papers have had to state that this and the other affair had to be left in the hands of the German Consul. British affairs to be managed by British Consuls, must be one of the cries of the future.



SIR RIDER HAGGARD'S letter to the *Times* recommending the establishment of colleges for women on the model of the small holders' schools in Denmark is admirable, but it has to a considerable extent been carried out already. In various centres throughout England a woman who is willing to take up work on the land can receive either a long or a short course of training at very little expense. We are afraid that Sir Rider Haggard had the gently nurtured women too much in his mind's eye, who at the best can only perform some of the lighter tasks of the field. What we need in the South of England are women of the type employed in the North of England and in Scotland. We see from the local papers, by the by, that they are now fixing eighteen shillings and a half-holiday as a woman's wage on the Borders. In normal times it would be an easy matter to obtain any number of women in the South of England willing to do farm work on these terms, but the difficulty arises from the liberality of the allowances made to those who are wives or dependents of men who have joined the Army.

THE poorly paid agricultural labourer has enlisted much more freely than the well paid, which does not say very much for the patriotism of the latter, and consequently the farmers of East Anglia, Wessex and the Midlands are confronted with the difficulty that the women who could best do the work refuse it, and practical men are difficult to convince that slim and elegant students from the agricultural and horticultural colleges will ever be of great service on the land where work is both rough and hard. The difficulty is a growing one. It might be well worth considering whether the wives of the residue who have been practically forced to join ought to receive that generous allowance from the State which was given in the case of the early volunteers. Farmers are making great efforts to get as many of their men as possible retained on the farm, and in this they are doing only what is being done in other trades and occupations. The recruiting authorities ought not, however, to lend too ready an ear to these pleas. The great business before the country at this moment is to win the war, and everything else must be made subservient to that. No man should be kept back if a woman is able, even with moderate efficiency, to discharge his duties.

HAVING hedged in the liquor trade with restrictions, it remains now for the Government to deal with the consumption of food. A great deal has been said about economy in this respect, but the end will not be gained by exhortation. The plain fact of the matter is that there would be a saving of £20,000,000 per annum if the country as a whole would reduce its consumption of meat by one-seventh; that is to say, go back to the system of the Roman Catholics and fast from meat once a week. This would not do harm, but a great deal of good. The Germans have tried it, and at the present moment abstain from meat on three days a week. But in this case compulsion is imperative. If the matter be left to voluntary action, a certain number of patriotic people would probably carry abstinence to a high degree, while the selfish would go on just as they are doing. There must be a general rule for all, and this applies to more than the meat supply.

DR. W. A. CRAIGIE, one of the editors of the "Oxford English Dictionary," has been explaining to a meeting of the English Association at King's College some of the incidental discoveries which have been made by the contributors to that massive work. He thinks it has played havoc with the reputation of some authors for originality. Thus it is demonstrated that Sir Thomas Urquhart's classical translation of Rabelais was achieved mainly by incredible diligence in the use of "Cotgrave's French and English Dictionary." At least Dr. Craigie attributes the credit to Cotgrave, but admirers of the great translation will scarcely accept the idea that its merits can thus be explained away. Cotgrave was but the quarry for Urquhart's building material. No grubbing in a dictionary can account for the superb rendering of the spirit of Rabelais. Again, it is only a triviality that Dean Swift copied literally from Sturmy's *Mariners' Magazine* for 1669 the long passage full of nautical expressions of an exceedingly technical character which come into the first chapter of the second voyage of Gulliver. We forget if we ever read these technicalities, but the story itself is immortal. Nor does the transference of a phrase from an article on clock-making into the "Fortunes of Nigel" affect the story one way or the other. Dr. Craigie, however, scores against R. L. Stevenson when he traces his

picturesque phrases to Patrick Walker or Mrs. Calderwood, for "R.L.S." depended for effect far more upon such phrases than Swift or Scott depended on their little pilferings.

MUCH more interesting to us at any rate are some of the verbal discoveries made during the building up of the dictionary. A fine example is the gloss on the Shakespeare phrase "to relish a love-song like a Robin redbreast." "Relish," as they found out, was an Elizabethan word for a grace or embellishment in music. That is beautiful as well as interesting. If we may hint at a defect in the great work, it is that there is too little of this sort of thing in it. The plan adopted is to trace the use of a word according to time. A quotation is given as far back as possible and brought down to our own day, only the dictionary makers have not discriminated between the authorities they cite. Shakespeare may and often is quoted in the same breath as a slipshod modern newspaper. No difference is made between a fastidious master of style, like Walter Pater, and a sloven in regard to words, like Sir Walter Scott. Thus the study of a word through the dictionary becomes confusing to the young student who is not able himself to gauge the value of the authors quoted from.

WE hope our readers will stretch their generosity to send Christmas gifts to the British prisoners in Germany. No one can need them more and, fortunately, a way is open for doing it. More than 600 soldiers imprisoned in German camps, who were known to be in want of help, are now receiving six-shilling parcels of food fortnightly. This is done under the scheme of Lady Victoria Herbert, 5, Stratford Place, W. The contributors send her money to buy parcels for the individual prisoners in whom they are interested. Thus the donor and the recipient are placed in communication. The plan is working so very well that we hope further subscriptions will be forthcoming so as to enlarge the scope of the operations. The aim is simply to send good and nutritious food to these poor soldiers. To prevent overlapping, their names, as receiving help, are notified to their respective regiments. Lady Herbert says that the prisoners write gratefully and often express the hope that they will be in England soon. Thus it is clear that these much needed parcels are received by those for whom they are intended.

#### BORDERLANDS.

White and wistful waterways and moonways,  
These have led me to enchanted places,  
Little cities, villages, and townships,  
Rose-delight whose joy all pain effaces.

There are turrets, silver in the twilight,  
Terraces, where peacocks strut all splendid  
In the golden blaze of suns uncounted  
Or beneath lone stars for aye unfriended.

Passing on between the hanging gardens  
I have seen rise up, remote, snow-crested,  
Peak on peak the gorgeous hills of sunset  
Like some fortress never yet molested.

Far away a sound from those lone eyries  
Calls in trumpet notes athwart Time's shadows:  
"Here at end shall Youth eternal wait you—  
Youth and Love amidst the blossomed meadows."

MABEL LEIGH.

THOSE articles on "The Fringes of the Fleet," which Mr. Rudyard Kipling is contributing to the *Daily Telegraph*, are singularly good. Without any apparent effort the author succeeds in getting the very atmosphere of that sea crowded with mines which in the long, dark winter nights is traversed cautiously, alike by mine-layers and mine-destroyers. Each side is devoting its brains to the invention of trap and entanglement and to the contravention of those of the enemy. The story is interspersed with strong, vivid little sketches of the personalities to be met, like the Lieutenant-Commander-Admiral, "who had retired from the Service, but like others had turned out again at the first flash of the guns." The contrast is striking between him "who had great ships erupting at his least signal" and the commander of "a squadron of trawlers for the protection of the Dogger Bank fleet." Through it all pours a strong sense of reality. The writer has been sojourning with men accustomed to look death straight in the face every minute, and he has the sympathy born of personal experience, for his own son is missing—a fate all the more dreadful because of its doubtfulness.



# POLAR BEARS AT PLAY.

By T. H. GILLESPIE.

THE Scottish Zoological Park has many attractions now, and it might puzzle a visitor (unless he were biased by strong predilection) to settle the claim to pre-eminence among them, but it was quite otherwise in the first seven or eight months of

the Park's existence. Then the polar bear pool and its inhabitants formed our great *pièce de résistance*, and so the bears very quickly achieved a popularity which shows no signs of declining. They also gained the particular attention of Mr. McKechie's camera, which has resulted in a most admirable and, I should think, unique photographic record of their habits and antics.

Much of their attractiveness the bears owe to the enclosure in which they live and to the finely natural background it affords them. They have a roughly semicircular pool in front measuring nearly a hundred feet in length round the curve and some fifteen feet or so wide on the average, which provides them with ample opportunity for swimming and diving displays. Beyond the pool is a wide rocky floor rising in the centre to a flat-topped mass of rock which stands forward promontory-wise into the pool, while behind is an indented cliff-like wall 11 ft.

high. Few captive animals enjoy so worthy a setting, and the bears on their part certainly conduct themselves in a manner befitting the provision made for them.

There are two bears in the enclosure. One of them came to this country from Archangel in 1911 while still

in his tenderest youth. His name is Snowball, but, as before we acquired him he had spent two years in a small cage with limited facilities for personal cleanliness, the reason for calling him so could only be supposed to lie in the *lucus a non lucendo* principle: after he came to the Park, however, with an expanded horizon and a pool 6 ft. deep, life and his coat took on a different colour, and he began to

STARBOARD, WEARY OF IDLENESS,

justify his name. A mark on the left side of his nose, memorial of teething troubles in his youth, serves to distinguish him from his companion. The other bear was presented to the Park in 1913 by Mr. W. G. Burn-Murdoch and Mr. C. A. Hamilton. It was captured when three or four years old among the ice-floes to the north-east of Greenland by Mr. Burn-Murdoch with a lasso from a whale boat, and he and Mr. Hamilton brought it to Norway in a small whaler with, they assured me, unutterable suffering



J. McKechie.

INVITES SNOWBALL TO PLAY.

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from noise and odour and the fear that their captive might make matchwood of his box and reverse the relation in which they and he stood to each other. He was named Starboard because he was the starboard bear—a companion in misfortune, hauled up at the same time on the port side of the whaler being labelled Port. In this matter I think Starboard has the advantage in a name which is more or less self-explanatory and unambiguous. Both the bears are males, but the disturbing shadow of the petticoat has never fallen upon them and they have lived together for two and a half years in uninterrupted friendliness and goodwill—except, of course, at feeding time, when their harmony has always been fortified with iron bars.

Each of these bears has a very distinct personality. Snowball is, on the whole a docile and nicely mannered bear. He is of a somewhat sedate and sober turn of mind, perhaps because he endured hardness in his earlier years, and he is, for a bear, comparatively honest and straightforward, at least his expression suggests that. His attitude towards his companion—who is rather larger and stronger than he—is always discreet, and the preservation of the peace of the pool is, I am convinced, in large measure due to his tactful treatment of every situation which may arise; he is always ready for play either on the rocks or in the water, but when the crowds of visitors begin to gather round the pool and the serious business of collecting peanuts and biscuits from the water begins, Snowball realises that play-time is over and that there is a place for him at the back of the enclosure well outside of biscuit range. Perhaps he remembers that Starboard is energetically



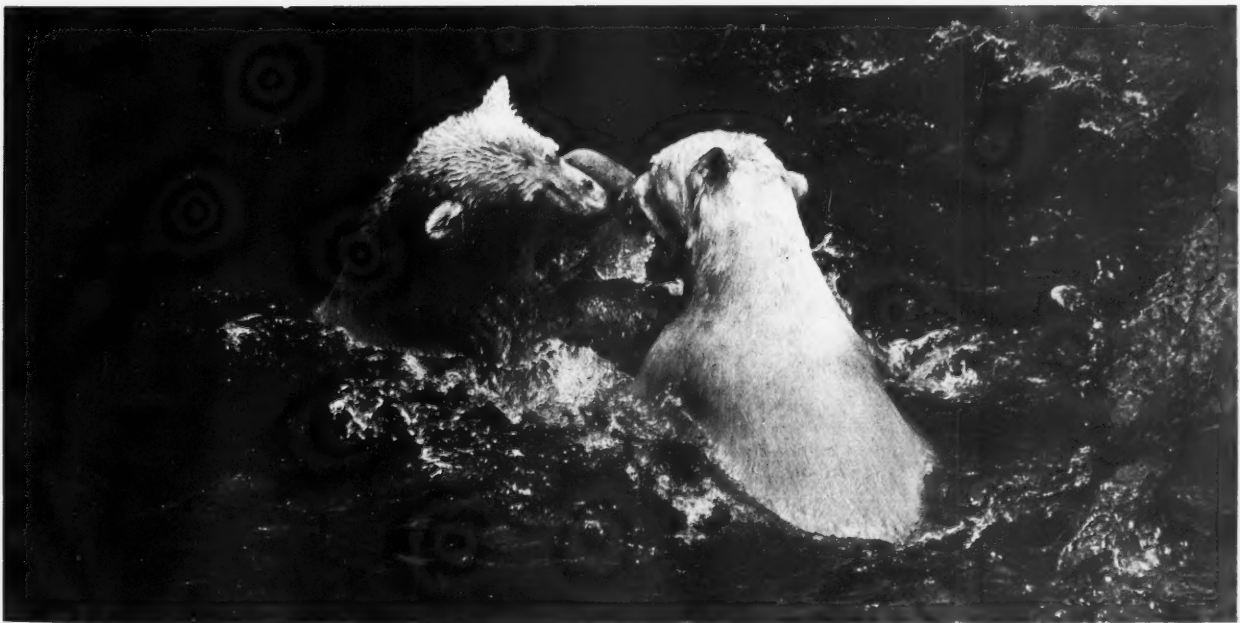
"LET'S HAVE A WRESTLE."



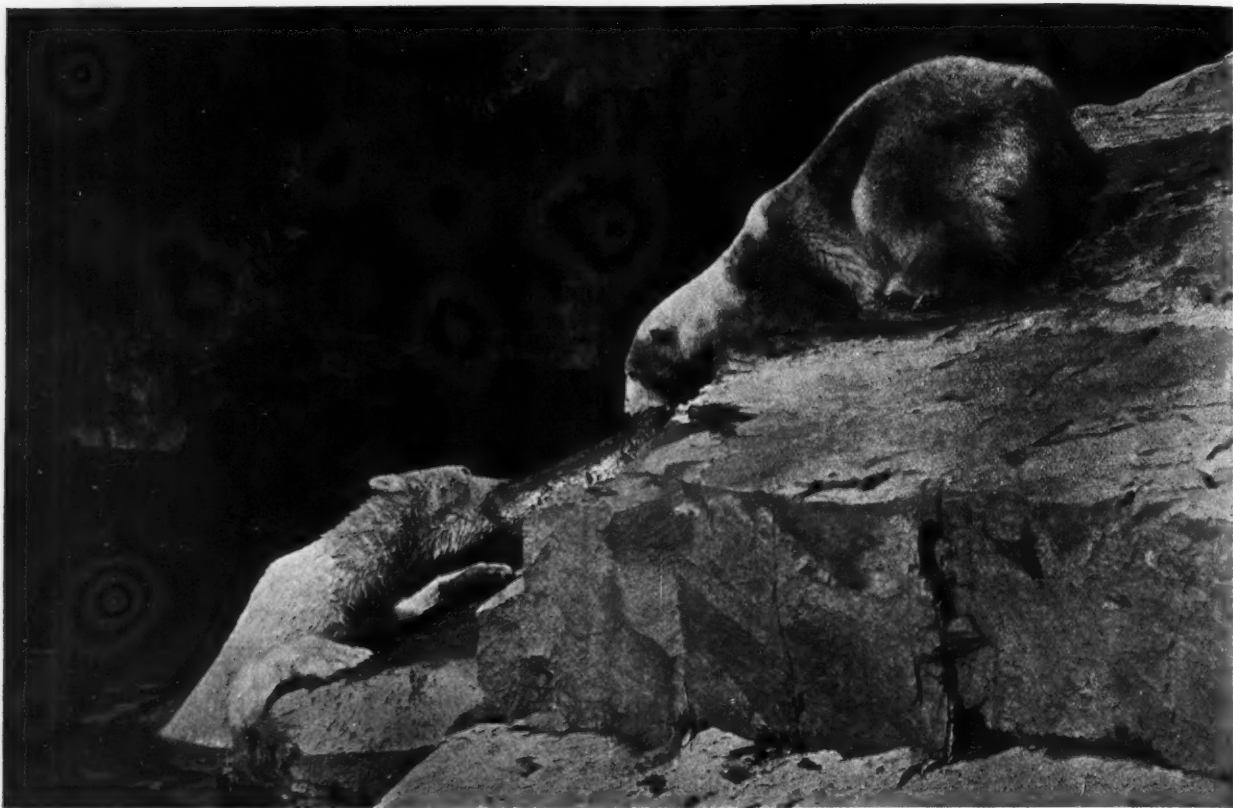
A GOOD HOLD.

J. McKechnie.

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HOLLOA—A LOG. NOW FOR A TUG-OF-WAR.

aiding and encouraging the violation of [the rule which forbids the public to feed the Polar bears, and finds hunger tempered with the pleasures of self-righteousness. Generally, however, at such times he appears to me to be trying with only very partial success to convince himself that he does not see the biscuits and nuts and has no idea that there are any about. Starboard, on the other hand, shows none of these qualities of orderly behaviour and self-restraint. His bodily well-being is obvious, and he may be aware that his lines have fallen in pleasant places, as the fate of bears goes, but it is strongly against his inclination to admit it. He has no faith in the policy of making the best of a bad job, rather he seems to find nothing so good that it may not afford reasonable excuse for grumbling and growling. Even the receipt of biscuits and nuts is interspersed with much ursine profanity, addressed, it may be supposed, to the self-effacing Snowball with the object of maintaining in the latter so proper a conception of the way in which to conduct himself.

A Polar bear is not an animal which, at first sight, one would expect to be very frolicsome, but these two are as playful as kittens. Starboard is the more energetic and enterprising of the two. If the game is to be on the rock the invitation may come from Snowball, and if Starboard responds the two will

quickly be in the midst of a mock combat, rearing up, wrestling and rolling over each other, but always in perfect good humour. In the water it is generally Starboard who gives the signal for play; in fact, it seems to be an understood thing between them that if Starboard is in the water Snowball is not to come in until he is asked to. This arrangement has probably been made to enable Starboard to collect any unconsidered edible trifles which may chance to be in the water. That business done, permission to the other to enter the water appears to be given, and probably a regular rough-and-tumble follows.

Mr. McKechnie's photographs give some idea of the magnificent spectacle afforded by the two bears at play in the water; they wrestle and roll over, first one and then the other below the surface, try to drown each other, tread water, and threaten each other with their paws and with a prodigious amount of splashing all the time. Sometimes Snowball will leave the water with a suspiciously innocent expression and manner,

climb to the top of the rock, and then fling himself with a flying leap on to Starboard in the water below, who all the time is waiting for him, though perhaps pretending to be taken unawares. Starboard, too, possesses the power of amusing himself without a companion, and can extract much happiness from a log or even a bit of stick floating in



J. McKechnie. A YAWN AND A STRETCH WHEN THE ROMP IS OVER.

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the water. It is in winter that these bears are seen at their best; in warm weather they are rather fond of sleeping in the sun, and do not display so much activity. When the rock is white with snow and ice covers the pool, the pictorial effect is complete. During the recent spell of frost the pool has been covered in the mornings with ice as much as an inch in thickness, and Starboard finds that the business of ice-breaking gives a new interest to life. First he tries the ice near the edge with one paw, putting pressure on it till it breaks, when the broken pieces are drawn ashore and played with till they are smashed to fragments on the rock. More ice is broken away, and when the hole is large enough he will dive under the ice and, rising beneath the sheet, crack it in all directions. Each fresh fragment forms

a plaything, and the game goes on till all the ice on the pool has been broken up. This is a matter in which, owing either to prohibition or disinclination, the other bear shows little active interest. He is generally content to stand at the edge of the rock and play with such fragments of ice as come ashore. I am afraid Starboard's character is compact of the bully and the clown, but that makes him not the less interesting to the human onlooker, while towards his companion, if his behaviour is sometimes ungenerous, it is tolerated or forgiven. After they have tired themselves with play, as the day advances they may be seen asleep together, the head of one pillowed on the other (characteristically, Snowball is generally the pillow) in a posture breathing peace and fraternal regard.

## WHAT KENT HAS DONE FOR THE WAR.—I.

Hard by this scene they cast the guns, that blazed  
When Marlborough and his men went forth to war  
Upon the Lowland plains; the charcoal fires  
Have long been cold; the iron undisturbed  
Lies where the red corn waits the harvesters,  
And hops in delicate patterns swiftly climb;  
They have no guns to give to-day; but all  
They have, they give—the men their present stay,  
The boys, their hope for all the future hours.

Up the one street the old folk slowly move  
To find their peace, where prayer is made; the Church  
Has aisles invisible, where village lads  
Now by the Nile, or windy Trojan plain,  
In God are very near.  
Soon through the trees the crescent moon will gleam  
Like burnished copper on the homeward road,  
Where village girls walk back from Church alone.

"In a Kentish Village Church," by EDWARD SHILLITO.

IT has been our object to describe as far as may be the loyal services rendered by the English gentleman, county by county, gifts that are but momentarily realised. They are diverse in character, and till the war is over it will not be possible to make any complete enumeration. The imagination of the public is stirred by the picture of great houses converted into hospitals and convalescent homes. But the sum and volume of the services of the country gentleman is unrecorded, or tucked away among the very miscellaneous *faits divers* of provincial newspapers. But as there has been no such war, so there has been no such public spirit.

Of personal service the record is incomplete, but we know at least some striking figures. It was reckoned that out of 200 Masters of Foxhounds on the active list, 150 are now on service, and 3,000 members of hunts. The list of peers with the Forces is a reminder of their active public spirit. The country gentleman, indeed, hardly seemed to recognise the military age limit as a bar to his services. A gentleman of ancient family in the West of England speaking among his own tenantry in the first month of the war told them of his efforts to serve: "Unluckily for me I have got to the age when I shall be regarded by the War Office, indeed have already been regarded, as perfectly useless for the purpose. Within two days of the war breaking out I sent to the War Office offering my services either at home or abroad, as seemed best to them. They told me my services would not be required. At all events I can say for myself, I have only two sons: one of them is fighting in France, the other is with the Territorials and ready to go the moment they send him. These are my two sons. If I had ten sons I would thank God for the opportunity to be able to give them to the service of my country. That I believe to be the desire and spirit of the majority of my fellow-countrymen." Those who had most to lose have been most ready and willing to go and take their lives in their hands. It has not been claimed in these articles that this class is the sole repository and reservoir of the military virtues, but if a distinction may be made between it and other classes, it showed fuller knowledge, even in the first weeks of the war, of the future scale of this unprecedented conflict, and a corresponding spirit of self-sacrificing duty. If conscription were introduced to-morrow, it would round up few or none of this class undebarr'd by the limit of age. They have joined the Army in families and clans.

To this rule Kent, the fifteenth county included in these articles (if each of the Yorkshire Ridings be treated as a county), has subscribed abundantly; it has shown a keen and zealous spirit in co-operating with the authorities in the preparations in the event of a hostile landing, and for carrying out the contemplated measures more than 50,000 special constables have enrolled themselves throughout the length and breadth of the county. Her people have rallied to the Colours in thousands, with the old Kentish motto of "Invicta" on their banners. Kentish men are proud of the records of the Royal West Kents who "never lost a trench," and are proud of all they have stood for in history.

The 1st Battalion of the West Kents, which was in the 13th Brigade of the 5th Division of the 2nd Army Corps, was holding part of the Mons-Condé canal on August 23rd last year. That night they were ordered to retire and blow up the bridges. A sergeant with ten men was left on the north bank of the canal, cut off from the rest of the regiment. This handful of men did not surrender to the Germans who were in force 200yds. away, but found their way across the canal. In their retirement the West Kents kept up a rear-guard action all the way, and lost Major Pack-Beresford who was last seen leading his men, shouting as he rushed forward "Come on boys, they are all ours"—referring to some advanced party of the Germans. They fell back through Ham and Noyon, and Crépy en Valois almost to the gates of Paris and then turned eastward towards Coulommiers, crossing the Marne on September 10th and the Aisne on the 13th at Missy. The open space between the height above Missy and the Aisne was a death-trap owing to the heavy fire of the German artillery, and the West Kents could only cross by night, three men at a time on a very fragile raft. On the night of September 14th the regiment had crossed without any casualties, and were able to settle down in the trenches north of the Aisne, from which they were withdrawn early in October to take part in the great left flank movement to the Bethune-La Bassée region. The main weight of the German attack at La Bassée lasted from about October 22nd to November 2nd, and on the 24th the West Kents in the neighbourhood of Neuve Chapelle were heavily shelled. Several 6-in. howitzers, three or four field guns and machine-guns were concentrated upon a space of about 150yds.; the firing parapets of the West Kent's trenches were shattered, and all the men could do was to crouch at the bottom of the trenches, for it was



**LORD BRABOURNE.**  
*Who fell at Neuve Chapelle.*



**LORD TORRINGTON.**  
*Now in the Dardanelles.*



**LT.-COL. THE HON. C. J. SACKVILLE-WEST.**  
*Has the C.M.G. for services on the Staff.*

impossible to rebuild the works either by day or night. Yet the West Kents and the 1st Wiltshires that evening drove off an attack at Lacon with heavy losses. On the following days the shelling redoubled its fury. One who went through the ordeal said that he believed that shells were falling at the rate of one hundred an hour. "Everything was wrecked, the support trench was rendered impassable as well as the communication trench, so that to reach the fire trench we had to double across some shell-scorched yards of open ground. The men were quite undismayed, and when several shells burst in the fire trench—on the 26th—burying men alive under the earth-slide, ten men at once seized shovels and raced through the danger-zone to dig their comrades out. Three were knocked over at their work, but two of the buried men were rescued. That day the regiment on the right of the West Kents was forced back, and the flank of the West Kents was exposed. But the regiment held on to the position, and lined a road at right angles to their original trenches and 'gloriously upheld the traditions of the regiment' though twelve of their fourteen officers went down in the attack, and Lieutenant-Colonel Martyn was wounded. It was at this time that two young officers, Lieutenant White and Second-Lieutenant

Russell, fought the regiment with such skill and courage that each won the Distinguished Service Order; but by evening on the 27th the Germans by weight of numbers got into Neuve Chapelle. The West Kents, who for ten days had been constantly under fire, were withdrawn from the firing-line and turned into a field to rest where 'the rain came down in torrents, but it made no difference to our chaps who slept right through, getting soaked to the skin.' Early in November, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien came to tell what was left of the regiment that he was perfectly certain that there was not another battalion that had made such a name for itself as the West Kents. "Everybody is talking about you. They say: 'Give them a job; they will do it. It is perfectly certain that they will stick it out.'"

The West Kents "stuck it out" again in April, when Hill 60 was taken by them and the King's Own Scottish Borderers on the night of the 17th. Major Joslin of the West Kents was given command of the two battalions. Before the columns of smoke and dust had cleared away after the explosion, Major Joslin gave the signal to advance, and the West Kents in first line swarmed up the slope of the hill with fixed bayonets, and a few minutes after the first line of the enemy's trenches was taken. A bitter



**LORD CAMDEN.**  
*Of the South-Eastern Mounted Brigade with the Mediterranean Force.*



**CAPT. THE HON. N. G. BLIGH.**  
*Who has been wounded in France.*



**LORD STANHOPE.**  
*Now on the Staff after a period of active service.*





MAJ. THE HON. N. GATHORNE-HARDY. THE HON. CHARLES MILLS, M.P.

Commanding the 4th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade.



Killed in action.



LT.-COL. F. GATHORNE-HARDY.

Mentioned in despatches.

hand-to-hand struggle took place in the communication trenches where the Germans rallied, defending their barricades with bomb-throwers. Major Joslin fell in one of these encounters; and soon upon the narrow salient of the hill there rained from three sides the German bombardment—a continuous rain of shell under the light of star shells—from Saturday night till Sunday morning. At one time only thirty men of the West Kents held the summit against the attacking forces; at times the hill was wreathed in dark clouds of fumes from the shells, through which flashed the exploding grenades. The West Kents, who made themselves a position in the communication trenches, stood firm under a fire which swept away whole sections, and in Sir John French's words "nothing could have been worse, or required greater tenacity or courage on the part of every man." Though the two regiments were forced back, they clung on to the reverse slope until they were relieved. "Their time had come," said the Commander-in-Chief, "and they had had enough, but I am convinced they would have stayed to the last man." Major F. C. Joslin, Captain Tuff and seven officers fell upon the hill, and a second-lieutenant died later of his wounds received in this most stubborn defence. Though the regiment after its ordeal

on the hill "came to rest" until the 22nd, the men were soon back in action with their brigade, holding the line between the Pilkem road and the Yser Canal west of the units under Colonel Geddes' command, to stem the German attack to the north-east of Ypres.

A man of the 2nd Battalion of the West Kents wrote that in the taking of Nasiriyah they "upheld the good name of the West Kents," and there have been some fine feats

of endurance and devotion to duty in the campaign in Mesopotamia. After the occupation of Amara, the chief town in the Basra Vilayet which was still in Turkish hands was Nasiriyah on the Euphrates, and a British force was sent from Kurna to drive out the Turkish garrison there. The climate was damp and hot, and the water had sunk until there was hardly enough for the draught of the ships; but in spite of all hardships, the troops responded magnificently, and on June 24th the British attack against the Turks' strong position, protected by broad deep creeks and marshes, was successful. The English forces held positions on both sides of the Euphrates, two brigades on the right or west bank, and one brigade, which included the West Kents, on the left bank. After an hour's bombardment of the enemy's trenches, the West Kents advanced through date groves right up to the Turkish positions, while eight machine-guns covered their advance. They were met by a terrific fusillade and "it was," wrote an eye-witness, "the most magnificent sight I have ever seen to watch those fellows going on under it in spite of casualties, just as if they were on a manoeuvre parade. As soon as they got up to the trenches they wheeled round to the right, so we had to stop our fire for fear of hitting them, and got into the trenches, and there we lost sight of them. They got in with their bayonets, and all we could see was Mr. Turk running as if the Devil himself were after him." Then the whole brigade advanced and helped the West Kents in clearing the trenches. In the stubborn bayonet fighting in the lines of trenches that lasted through the intense heat of the day—it was not until 6.30 that the last trench was captured—six men of the West Kents won



THE HON. HENRY RALPH HARDINGE.

Killed in action.



LIEUTENANT DOONER.

Killed in action.

special distinction, notably Sergeant Wannell and Company Sergeant-Major Elliott, who were among the first to reach the trenches and led bayonet charges in the close fighting from point to point. That night sixteen of the Turks' guns were captured, and their casualties were at least 800 killed and 400 prisoners on the left bank of the river alone. What was left of them were in full retreat to Kul-ul-Amara. That night the weary troops slept on the ground they had fought on, and the British flag was hoisted over Nasiriyah next morning. The doings of the Buffs (the East Kent Regiment) must be dealt with next week.

The roll of peers and their sons who have given their services, and in some cases their lives, to the country is a long one, headed by Lord Brabourne, of the old Kentish family of Knatchbull, who fell at Neuve Chapelle. Lord Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War, who is now numbered among the "men of Kent," has his seat at Broome Park. Lord Torrington, who joined the Colours as a private in the early weeks of the war, now holds a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve, and is attached to the aviation section of the Fleet in the Dardanelles; Lord Guilford is in command of the East Kent Yeomanry; Lord Goschen of the 5th Buffs, in which his only son, Lieutenant the Hon. George Joachim Goschen, is serving. Lord Sackville is a major in the West Kent Yeomanry, and Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. C. Sackville-West, who is a Staff officer, has been given the C.M.G. for services on the Staff during the war. Captain Lord Teynham, who formerly held a commission in the East Kent Yeomanry, is at the front with the 6th Buffs, and Lord Camden, the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, is on the staff of the South-Eastern Mounted Brigade, which has now joined the Mediterranean force. Lord Stanhope, who rejoined his old regiment, the Grenadier Guards, from the 4th West Kents, served three months in the trenches last winter, and has since been on the Staff.

Viscount Hardinge and his brother, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, have both lost their eldest sons in the war, the Hon. Henry Ralph Hardinge of the Rifle Brigade, and the Hon. Edward Charles Hardinge of the 15th Hussars, a young soldier of great promise who won the Distinguished Service Order for his gallantry and skill in making a reconnaissance under machine-gun fire, in which he was wounded. Second-Lieutenant Patrick Robert Hardinge of the Cameronians, the only son of the Hon. Robert N. Hardinge, has been wounded; and Lord Hardinge, who served in the Rifle Brigade, is in command of the Rifle Depot. The Hon. G. A. Akers-Douglas, Lord Chilton's son, is a captain in the 1st Public Schools Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers; and Lord Harris' only son, the Hon. G. St. V. Harris, is an aide-de-camp on the Personal Staff. Lord Hothfield's eldest son, the Hon. John Sackville Tufton, is an assistant provost-marshal; Lord Darnley's son, Captain the Hon. Noel Bligh, rejoined his old regiment, the Rifle Brigade, at the outbreak of war, and has been wounded in France; and Lord Amherst's son, Lord Holmesdale, who is in the Grenadier Guards, has also been wounded. The Hon. H. F. P. Lubbock is in the West Kent Yeomanry, and the Hon. E. F. P. Lubbock, who is attached to the Flying Corps, has been awarded the Military Cross for his gallantry and skill in attacking a German Albatross machine with his machine-gun. The enemy's pilot was shot, and the aeroplane brought down to the ground within the British lines.

Lord Winchelsea's second son, the Hon. D. Finch-Hatton, is in the East African Volunteers. Lord Northbourne's son, the Hon. Cutlbert James, is a major in the 7th East Surrey Regiment, and Lord Hillingdon has lost

his eldest son, the Hon. Charles Mills, who was killed in action in France, the sixth Member of Parliament to lose his life in this war. When the war broke out he was a lieutenant in the West Kent Yeomanry, in which his brother, the Hon. Arthur Mills, is now serving. As months went by and there appeared no prospect of the regiment going abroad, he got himself transferred to the Scots Guards and went to the front early in June. He could not bear the prospect of staying at home while so many of his friends were in the firing-line, but his share of the war was a brief one, for he fell in the battle of Loos. "I cannot think," wrote a friend of his, "that of all the gallant and noble victims of the war, there has been any soul more noble and gallant than his, nor one whose loss will be more widely and deeply mourned." Lord Hillingdon's brother, the Hon. Egremont Mills, is a major in the West Kent Yeomanry. Of Lord Cranbrook's brothers, Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. J. F. Gathorne-Hardy, who is on the Headquarters Staff, has been mentioned in despatches, as was Major the Hon. N. C. Gathorne-Hardy, who was with the 1st Hertfordshire Regiment, but is now in command

of the 4th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade. Captain Alfred Cecil Gathorne-Hardy of the 9th Scottish Rifles, second son of the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy, has been killed in action. Two sons of Lord Rothermere are serving, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, who is in the Naval Brigade and is interned in Holland, and the Hon. Harold Alfred Vyvyan Harmsworth is in the Irish Guards.

Among the members of Parliament for Kent now serving, mention must be made of Lord Duncannon, member for Dover, who is with the Suffolk Yeomanry at the front; Sir Philip Sassoon, member for the Hythe Division, who is an aide-de-camp on the Personal Staff; Major G. C. H. Wheler of Otterden Place, member for Faversham, who is on the General Staff of the Western command; Captain Norman Craig, member for the Thanet Division, who is now afloat and holds a commission in the Royal Naval Reserve; and Mr. H. J. Tennant of Great Maytham, the Parliamentary Under-Secretary for War. Captain F. Bennett-Goldney, member for Canterbury, who has since the early days of the war been in charge of the auxiliary transport for the wounded in the Shorncliffe area, as well as other work in connection with the Shorncliffe Headquarters Staff, has been given a captaincy in the Army Service Corps.

In the district of "Kentish Men," that portion of the county on the left bank of the Medway, Captain Henry Edmeades, son of Major-General Edmeades of Nurstead Court, is serving with the Sherwood Foresters. Mr. J. H. E.

Whitehead, grandson of Sir James Whitehead of Wilmington Manor, is with the 9th West Kents, and Captain Vansittart of Foots Cray Place has lost his second son, Second-Lieutenant Arnold Bexley Vansittart, who died of wounds last May. Captain Arthur Preston Hohler, grandson of Mr. Hohler of Fawkham Manor, is an aide-de-camp on the Personal Staff. Mr. Vesey Holt, of Mount Mascal, North Cray, has three sons serving. Lieutenant-Commander Reginald Holt is in the Navy, and Captain Alwyn Holt in the Black Watch. Major Felton Holt of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry is in the Flying Corps, and won his D.S.O. in January of this year for engaging single-handed a group of twelve German aeroplanes which were attacking Dunkirk. He was subsequently joined by two British biplanes, and one of the enemy machines was brought down and its pilot and observer captured. The Rev. Edward Chapman of Paul's Cray Hill has two nephews serving, Second-Lieutenant Bernard Greenwood Chapman of the Rifle Brigade and Lieutenant Manners Chapman, D.S.O., in the Navy, while a third nephew, Richard



THE HON. EDWARD C. HARDINGE, D.S.O.

*Killed in action.*



Chapman, was lost in the Bulwark. Second-Lieutenant Ferdinand Marsham-Townshend, son of the late Hon. Robert Marsham-Townshend of Frognal and Scadbury Park, was killed in action with his regiment, the Scots Guards. Lieutenant Charles Norman of the 9th Lancers, the eldest son of Mr. Archibald Norman of the Rookery, Bromley, is wounded and a prisoner of war in Germany, and a younger son is serving as a midshipman in the Navy.

South of the North Downs, Sir Henry Hawley of Leybourne Grange has joined the 9th West Kents, and his brother, Captain Cyril Hawley, of the King's Royal Rifles, was killed in action in November; while Lieutenant Blackburne Maze, who now lives at Leybourne Grange, is serving in the 8th West Kents. Colonel Dooner of Ditton Place has lost his youngest son, Lieutenant A. E. C. T. Dooner, of the Welsh Fusiliers; his eldest son, Lieutenant-Colonel W. D. Dooner, is in the Army Ordnance Department at Woolwich; and his second son, Lieutenant-Colonel J. G. Dooner, of the Royal Artillery, is on the General Staff at the War Office. Lieutenant W. J. H. Roberts, son of Mr. W. H. Roberts of Holborough Court, is serving in the 1st Dragoons. Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Sofer Whitburn, son of the late Mr. C. J. S. Whitburn of Addington Park, commands the West Kent Yeomanry, and Brigadier-General Wingfield Stratford of Fartherwell Hall is at the front. Colonel F. B. Mildmay of Shoreham Place is also at the front, as is Captain O. E. d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, who has been for some months in the transport service, and also has been acting as interpreter.

Mr. T. Brocklebank of Watringbury Place has three sons serving: Captain R. E. R. Brocklebank, who is adjutant of the 3/6th King's Liverpool Rifles; Commander H. C. R. Brocklebank, who is on patrol duty in the North Sea; and Captain R. H. R. Brocklebank of the 9th Lancers, who is D.A.A.Q.M.G. on the staff of the 2nd Mounted Division in the Dardanelles; and his nephew, Mr. A. C. Edwards of the 8th West Kents, is reported wounded and missing in France. Lieutenant-Colonel Robert K. Bevington, son of the late Colonel S. B. Bevington of Merle Wood, is in the Territorial Force Reserve. Mr. W. M. Cazalet of Fairlawne has two sons serving, Lieutenant Edward Cazalet

in the 5th Buffs and Lieutenant Victor Alexander Cazalet in the West Kent Yeomanry. Lieutenant M. C. H. Colyer-Fergusson, the eldest son of Mr. T. C. Colyer-Fergusson of Ightham Mote, is working in the motor ambulance convoy; the second son, Mr. W. P. Colyer-Fergusson, is in the 24th Middlesex; and the third son, Mr. J. R. Colyer-Fergusson, is in the 3rd Northamptonshire Regiment. Two sons of Mr. Frank Monckton of Ightham Warren, Mr. Walter Monckton and Mr. F. L. Monckton, are in the West Kents. Lieutenant-Colonel J. P. Dalison, son of the late Maximilian Dalison of Hamptons, is at the Depot of the Queen's; Lieutenant-Colonel C. N. Watney of Ivy Hatch Court is in command of the 4th West Kents, and Captain W. T. Ward of Box House, near Kemsing, is attached to the 6th West Kents. Sir Philip Waterlow has two nephews serving, Major C. E. Waterlow of the Royal Naval Flying Corps, and Commander J. B. Waterlow, who received the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry in the Dardanelles during the mine-sweeping operations in February and March. Several times Commander Waterlow was under heavy fire, and on the night of March 13th he carried out an attack in an area illuminated by six search-lights, and covered by the fire of four forts and numerous light guns.

Captain William Henry Wilson Smith, grandson of Mr. William Arthur Smith of Colebrooke Park, has served with distinction since the early days of the war in the Royal Field Artillery, has been mentioned in despatches and has won the Military Cross. He has been twice wounded. Near Edenbridge, Captain John Jacob Astor, younger son of Mr. William Waldorf Astor of Hever, has been wounded; and Captain Edward Richard Meade-Waldo, son of Mr. Edmund G. B. Meade-Waldo of Stonewall Park, is in the Rifle Brigade. Many members of the Streatfeild family are serving. Colonel Henry Streatfeild of Chiddingstone is in command of the Grenadier Guards, Captain Philip Streatfeild is serving on the Hannibal, Captain Oswald Streatfeild is employed on remount work in Egypt, and Lieutenant-Colonel Streatfeild is in command of the 2/23rd Battalion of the London Regiment. Captain H. D. F. MacGeagh, son of Mr. MacGeagh of Hadlow Castle, is serving in the 5th Battalion of the London Regiment. M. J.

## SOME ASPECTS OF ASIATIC TURKEY

How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp

Abode his hour or two, and went his way.

—OMAR KHAYYAM.

**The Caliph's Last Heritage.** A Short History of the Turkish Empire, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, Bart., M.P. (Macmillan, 1915, 20s. net.)

THE question "why Turkey lives" has puzzled many. The existence of the Ottoman power for five hundred years as a vital force in the affairs of the world is indeed hard to understand, for its career should have been a mere passing show, like that of many other sections of that race. Still more unintelligible is it when we realise that the Turk has never been anything but *encamped* within the territory he lays claim to. His heritage has never been guaranteed. Yet he has managed to hold on to the best situated city in the world, and on to some of the richest tracts on earth.

The story of Western Asia has been an absorbing one in all chapters of its existence. There cannot exist more epic lands than those which the Turkish Empire embraces. They may not be very large in extent, but they are vast in their possession of historic associations. Within their boundaries the most potent events in human history have occurred. Babylonia, Assyria, Phœnicia, the Hittite Empire, Egypt, Byzantium, all throve in turn within that area which eventually fell under the sway of the nomad invaders from Central Asia. Nineveh, Tyre, Damascus, Ephesus, Troy, Jerusalem, and Mecca are all situated within the limits of Asiatic Turkey. Here, too, "Paradise" was, and the Holy Cities—the goals of half humanity—were founded. It was the hub of the ancient world, and apparently still retains its function as the battle ground of the nations.

The utmost significance of Turkey is proved by a glance at the part it has played in history. To have been the birth-place of the earliest civilisations shows its fertility and congenial climate. To have produced the commercial Empire of Phœnicia establishes its merits as having an unequalled economic position. To have been the means of settling a nomadic tribe of Tartars and of turning them into the hard-working, virile Anatolian

peasantry of the present day is a sufficient example of its influence for good. It has produced men who have left their mark on the world; it has also, incidentally, given birth to two of the greatest religions. The whole region has boomed during the halcyon days of enlightened rulers, and it has wallowed in the depths of misery and degradation under the heels of oppressors. But it is not the country that is at fault. It still retains its peculiar characteristics—its incentive to great achievement, as well as its tendency towards utter decay. Which of these gains the upper hand depends entirely upon who holds the reins of government. It is a complex region that has fallen to the share of the Turk. It would need an exceptionally strong and capable hand to guide aright the affairs of an empire which contains a greater variety of race and creed in a small area than exists anywhere else in the world. The long-suffering Christians of Macedonia, truculent Druzes of the Lebanon, half-tamed Arab nomads, Moslem Kurds, Christian Armenians and fanatical Wahabis—not to mention an interfering and ever increasing population of foreigners—these form a somewhat embarrassing array for a despotic and corrupt Mahomedan government to deal with in the limelight of the twentieth century.

Whoever rules over the lands at the junction of Europe and Asia and Africa will be able to speak in dominating accents throughout the whole world. Once again the eternal question of the future of the Ottoman race arises. This time the issue involved is of much vaster importance than the mere expulsion of the Turk from Europe. It is the fact that a way has suddenly been opened for the realisation of German aspirations in Asia. German desire has been hankering after the East, quite as strongly as has grown her determination to be paramount in Europe. The real pivot on which this world struggle will swing may yet be the Near East; it may be there that the destinies of the rival Powers in Asia will be decided. It is a fact that Asiatic Turkey forms our most vulnerable frontier. It is the high-road to India, and consequently the key to world dominion. Strange indeed is it, then, that in spite of the importance—the immense and vital importance—of Asiatic



Turkey to Great Britain, it is probably less known to Englishmen than are many out-of-the-way parts of Africa. Sir Mark Sykes, however, took time by the forelock. Twenty years ago he determined to make a study of lesser-known portions of the tottering Empire. He supplemented his knowledge by a series of extensive journeys over the regions between the Mediterranean, the Persian Gulf, and the Black Sea. It is the day for the man with a "line." And the man who has made a speciality of Turkey should be in his element at the present moment. No doubt his experiences and knowledge are being made good use of; in the meantime he has been able to give the public a short history of the Turkish Empire. "The Caliph's Last Heritage" should be studied ere it passes. It is excellent,

energetic, readable and, in places, original; the latter half of the book contains the accounts of five different journeys in Asiatic Turkey made during the most extraordinary episode in the strange career of the Ottomans, namely, the rise of the Young Turks.

The geographical position of the Turkish Empire, and especially of its capital, is largely responsible for the trend of its history. Sir Mark Sykes evidently realises the close connection that exists between geography and history, for he is extravagant in his supply of maps. The historical ones illustrate vividly the ebb and flow of the Turkish race, as well as the dominions of the various Powers which temporarily held those lands before them. In the light of present events the volume is one to have always at hand.

D. CARRUTHERS.

## THE END OF A FAMOUS STUD.

A DESCRIPTION OF COLONEL HALL-WALKER'S STUD.

ALTHOUGH welcomed and approved of by the Board of Agriculture and the War Office, Colonel W. Hall-Walker's princely offer to present the famous Tully Stud to the nation as a nucleus from which to develop the light horse breeding of the country has been withdrawn, owing to the attitude adopted by another department of the Government. So it is that one of the most valuable collections of bloodstock in these islands—perhaps the most valuable—will be broken up, scattered abroad, and the country be the poorer for the loss of an asset of great immediate value, in all probability of infinitely greater value in the future. This much at least is certain—that neither in this or any other country has any such splendid gift been offered to the State. It is said that we should not look a gift horse in the mouth; here, however, is a gift—a proffered gift—which will bear the closest scrutiny, look at it how one may. Roughly speaking, what Colonel Hall-Walker proposed to do was to present the nation with some seven and twenty brood mares of the choicest breeding; stallions, among them White Eagle, for whom 35,000 guineas were offered not long ago by the German Government, and Royal Realm, a fine, powerful son of Persimmon, together with the usual complement of foals and yearlings. Nor did the offer end here, for to it he added all the necessary equipment, clothing, saddlery, etc., all the stud buildings and stables, and to leave behind him all the staff and personnel of the stud with their salaries paid up to date. Further than that, he offered to give his own services to continue the management of the stud if so desired, or in any case to give the authorities the benefit of his advice in the mating of the mares and the rearing and disposal of the stock.

The land used for stud purposes he offered to cede on a valuation made by the Government itself. Could man do more? Was ever such a whole-hearted offer made—or nullified by official obtuseness, aggravated by faddism?

People not well acquainted with the principles of light horse breeding might ask: What, after all, has the Government got to do with racing? Why should the State take over an establishment for the breeding of racehorses? The answer is clear and simple. As a Government institution the purpose of the Tully Stud would have been diverted from the breeding of racehorses as such to the breeding and rearing of blood-

stock specially adapted for the maintenance and improvement of the general utility horse for the breeding of high-class stallions suitable for getting good half-bred stock in particular. The taking over of the Tully Stud would not have involved the Government in racing, any more than does the existing system of giving premiums to thoroughbred horses—which have been raced—in order that their services as stallions may be available to small breeders at a very moderate fee. These premium horses do good service as getters of useful half-bred stock, but they are not the best of their kind; they do not, generally speaking, represent the highest class of premium horses—excellent as getters of what we may call general utility stock, is it not reasonable to suppose that still better service could be rendered by stallions of higher class? That they would do so there can, indeed, be little doubt. Look at the number of exceedingly powerful thoroughbreds got by Persimmon, for instance; what would such a horse have done as a getter of half-bred stock? The cost of purchase, the fees they command as getters of bloodstock for racing purposes, prohibit the use of such horses for general purposes; but Colonel Hall-Walker offered to give the Government two proved stallions of high class, White Eagle and Royal Realm, to begin with, and others would have followed, bred at the stud itself—horses pre-eminently adapted for the improvement of half-bred stock and none the less capable of getting racehorses or of contributing towards the foundation of a breed of weight-carrying thoroughbreds. *A propos* of what a high-class



LADY LIGHTFOOT, THE DAM OF PRINCE PALATINE.



W. A. Rouch.

COLONIA, A FINE PERSIMMON MARE.

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thoroughbred stallion can do in the way of getting powerful half-bred stock, it so happened that not very long ago a member of the Government paid a visit to the Tully Stud, accompanied by its owner. The visitor was much struck by the perfection of the general arrangements of the stud, but knowing little or nothing about breeding, or the value of the thoroughbred as an improver of other breeds, said, "Well, I suppose these are very fine racehorses, but, after all, what is the use of them, they cannot give us a good hunter or a good strong horse for general work." Colonel Hall-Walker said nothing for the moment, but shortly afterwards turned into a paddock where there was a colt. "What do you think of that chap," he asked his visitor. "Go and have a good look at him and tell me what you think of him." "Ah! this is something like a horse, looks as if he'd make a hunter for Henry Chaplin." "Glad to hear you say so," said the Colonel. "That's a yearling, and he's got by White Eagle out of a mare with, I think, a good deal of the old Irish 'Hobbie' blood in her veins." Here we have an instance of the enthusiasm which Colonel Hall-Walker brought to bear upon the object he always kept in view—the improvement of existing breeds of horses, thoroughbred or half-bred, and of his readiness to try experiments. Some of his experiments have, he is ready to admit, ended in failure, costly failure; but as he says, "I learned my lesson and satisfied myself that the road to success lay elsewhere." There is no greater stickler for pedigree than he, but pedigree alone is not sufficient, you must, he says, have the "individual" as well, you can never ignore make and shape, and this you should look for, especially in the sire. But I am, I think, right in saying that the outstanding result of his experience as a breeder is that it is to the *mare* that a breeder should look as a trans-

a pure Arab source. It is indeed from Arab blood, older by far than that from which we trace the descent of our existing breed of thoroughbred horses, that the old Irish Haubeni or "Hobbie" horse—a breed which Colonel Hall-Walker is now trying to revive—comes down, for as far as they can be traced at all, these horses were, in long



LET FLY.

By White Eagle—Gondollette.

distant days, the direct descendants of Spanish horses, themselves descendant from Libyan horses brought into Spain ten centuries before the Saracen conquest. This old Arab blood is, indeed, of noble and potent quality. Abuse it, defile it, we may, but it will not be stamped out, it will not die. Give it but a chance and it will reassert itself, bringing with it the qualities which have made what we call the thoroughbred horse pre-eminent above all other breeds.

The tracing out of the old Irish "Hobbie" mares, or rather of mares with "Hobbie" blood in their veins, cannot be followed up with certainty, but we know that the blood exists, and to an expert, what appear to be signs of its existence are now and again visible. It is to such signs that Colonel Hall-Walker has had to trust in his endeavour to restore the breed. Upon these signs and such other evidence as he could get, he has worked, backing his opinion to the extent of using his own best stallions for mares which to the ordinary eye bear no token whatever of being anything but common bred animals.

Failures he has had, but although he cannot yet speak positively, other results appear to have been successful, and if successful, a very interesting problem in breeding and heredity is almost solved, for it will have been proved

that however remotely latent it may be, the Arab blood persists, lives on, and can be revived by a breeder of to-day. If that be so, a wide field of experiment, experiment leading to success, is open to breeders. Be that as it may, the fact remains that by dint of continual experiments conducted on scientific lines and with which financial considerations



W. A. Rouch.

GREAT SPORT.

By Persimmon—Carrickfergus.

mitter of the desired strains of blood, and that of those strains the Arab is the best. Curiously enough, this is the deduction which is almost forced upon a student of the thoroughbred families as tabulated by Bruce Lowe, for his researches demonstrate beyond doubt that the most persistently successful families derive in tail female from

were not allowed to interfere, Colonel Hall-Walker had become possessed of eminently successful strains of thoroughbred blood, strains from which he bred consistently horses of the highest class, many of them of exceptional power and bone. He had, moreover, done much to improve the very type of horse—the sound, active, general utility horse—of which the country is in need, and he offered the outcome of his fifteen or twenty years' work, all the material he had got together, to the State. The Government had but to hold out their hand to accept a munificent gift, a gift which would have enabled them to render inestimable service to the general horse breeding industry of these islands. The hand was not held out, the opportunity has passed, and in a not far distant future the public will have to pay heavily for material infinitely less in value than that which Colonel Hall-Walker offered them as a gift.

Rebuffed where he should have been welcomed, Colonel Hall-Walker, foreseeing that in the immediate future serious steps will have to be taken for the development of the horse breeding industry by the country, persists in his efforts to induce the Government to take time by the forelock. I may, indeed, say that he now proposes to present his training establishment at Russley with its surrounding paddocks, etc., to the Army Council as a depot for stallions specially adapted for getting stock suitable for military remounts of good class. He goes so far as to say that he would even like to see the establishment commandeered. Be this as it may, whether commandeered or accepted as a gift, he will give to the experiment a send off by presenting the authorities with such of his horses in training as seem to be the best adapted for the purpose in view—an example which he believes will be followed by other owners. I may add, too, that among the horses which he himself would give are Great Sport, a short-legged, deep-bodied, sturdy-quartered son of Persimmon out of Carrickfergus, got by that wonderfully successful all-round performer Count Schomberg out of Lady Lightfoot (dam of Prince Palatine), and Night Hawk, got by Gallinule out of Year's Folly, winner of the St. Leger the year before last. At the time of writing I do not know whether it has been found possible to carry this proposal into effect, but the Army Council fully appreciates its value and importance. It remains to be seen whether they will be able to prevail over Ministerial faddism and ignorance.

Here, if only that record of a famous stud may be preserved, some details of what Colonel Hall-Walker offered to the Nation may not be out of place. The stud farm itself consisted of above 1,700 acres of first-class land, divided up into spacious paddocks, in which the pasturage was kept clean and sweet by the aid of cattle, about 750 in number. Spring water was laid on to

every paddock, and all "droppings" were carefully removed.

What we may call the indoor accommodation consisted of boxes, lofty, roomy and thoroughly ventilated by a system of ventilation devised, I believe, by Colonel Hall-Walker himself, by means of which, although there is a complete absence of draught, each box is continually swept by a current of pure air. Of the mares that are—or were a short time ago—between thirty and forty, seven and twenty are catalogued for sale, representing, be it noted, the outcome of twenty years' careful breeding and selection, most of them winners and dams of winners such as Lady Lightfoot, Jean's Folly—all her produce win races—and Witch Elm, herself a winner of the One Thousand Guineas.

T. H. B.



WHITE EAGLE, BY GALLINULE—MERRY GAL



W. A. Rouch.

ROYAL REALM, BY PERSIMMON—SANDBLAST.

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Many eminent authorities think this horse an even finer specimen of the thoroughbred than White Eagle.



## A FAMOUS EDINBURGH CITIZEN AND HIS JOTTINGS.

SIR JOHN HAY ATHOLL MACDONALD, Lord Kingsburgh, and late Lord Justice-Clerk, has been associated with Edinburgh as far back as the memory of any living contemporary can go. He was born in George Street the year Queen Victoria came to the Throne, and he was a Lord of Session when this book was written, that is to say, up to last year. But although his career has mainly been a legal one, he has in many other spheres of activity attained to distinction. At one time he made a raid into imaginative literature, having already won his spurs as the author of a book on criminal law and other works of a technical description. In his prime he was a great force in the Volunteer movement and took a very lively interest in drill, shooting and manœuvres. His memory goes back to a time when the proposed introduction of a railway system caused much shaking of grey and wise heads in Scotland and he has lived to be an enthusiastic supporter of motoring and aviation. Nor did these suffice to keep his vivacious intellect going.

To Sir John must be accorded the praise that he has done many things and everything with his might. Probably the only disappointment that will be encountered by those who turn to his book, "Life Jottings of an Old Edinburgh Citizen" (Foulis), is that he has been more interested in movements than men. There is far more about Edinburgh in this book than about the famous people who have lived in it during the last eighty years. In that period a good deal of hard thinking has gone on in Auld Reekie and some notable achievements in literature have had their origin there, but these belong to a world into which Sir John did not enter. He knew Robert Louis Stevenson well, and played "Shylock" to the latter's "Antonio" at the house of the Misses Mairs: "He and I walked home together that night, and severely criticised some performances of others, as possibly others did ours. I little thought then that I was side by side with one who was to carry forward the literary fame of Edinburgh into yet another generation. I never saw him again after that night." One asks: "And did you once see Shelley plain?" and rather wonders that these two illustrious citizens of no mean city did not again foregather.

Stevenson had many literary friends in Edinburgh, but they, too, are ignored. But there is very little in the history of his beloved Edina that Sir John did not chronicle. His memory goes back as far as 1842, when Queen Victoria visited Scotland. It was a curiously mismanaged function. The child with his sister and father took their places on a grandstand on what was then a grazing field between Pitt Street and Brandon Street and waited many weary hours for the ceremony of presenting Her Majesty with the silver keys of Edinburgh, only to hear in the end that the entry would not be made till the day following. Next day they returned to the grandstand and then the timing seems to have been bad, for the Royal procession arrived before the city fathers were ready—"no Provost, no keys, no mace, no sword being there." The incident was commemorated in a parody on "Hey, Johnny Cope":

The Frigate guns they loud did roar,  
But louder did the bailies snore;  
They thocht it was an unco bore  
To rise up early in the morning.  
Hey, Jamie Forrest, are ye waukin yet?  
Or are yer bailies snorin' yet?

The Queen she came to Brandon Street  
The Provost and the keys to meet,  
But div ye think that she's to wait  
Yer waukin up in the morning.  
Hey, Jamie Forrest, etc.

These verses caught the popular favour, and were repeated and sung again and again without the author being known till a few years ago, when Mr. David Scott-Moncrieff let it be known that the lines were made by his two girl sisters, who must have been fine representatives of the vivacious and witty women that Edinburgh has produced since ever it was a city.

Sir John tells us of the despair of the shareholders in the Caledonian Railway Company at a time when many were willing to give their shares to anybody who would take them off their hands: "The flood of disaster on that line was stayed by the same 'Sandy Baird' walking into the office one morning and saying: 'I want a wheen shares,' to the great surprise of those on the other side of the counter, who asked: 'How many shares would you like to buy, Mr. Baird?' 'Oh,' said he, 'I'll tak' a haunder thousand pounds worth.' The labels were washed off the carriages, the seats, the bells, and all the rest, very soon after that." We cannot resist the temptation to quote another story of Sandy, though it is one of those chestnuts which the author confesses to have included in his pages: "This 'Sandy Baird' was a great character. It is told of him that when he

built a house for himself he went to a bookseller in Glasgow to get books to fill the library shelves, and said, when asked what books he would have: 'There's Watty Scott, gie me twa dizzen o' him, and I'll tak' a dizzen o' Willy Shakespere, and a dizzen o' Rabbie Burns,' etc., etc. 'And what about the binding,' said the bookseller; 'will you have them done in russia or morocco?' to which Sandy replied: 'What fur wud I go to Russiæ or Moroccy; what fur can I no git them bound in Glesca?'"

It is natural in the jottings of a Scottish lawyer to turn to the Bench. There are plenty of amusing stories from the Court of Session and legal circles generally. The following conversation occurred just after Bishop Colenso had published his work. At that time, it should be remembered, Lord Colonsay was filling the office of Lord Justice-General with great distinction. "Two cronies meeting, one said: 'Hef ye heard ta news?' 'Na, waat news?' 'Ach, dredfaal news. Colonsay has been writing against Mowsis.' 'Do ye say thaat—oh, ch, yus, but it wull not be Colonsay, it wull be his brither, Archie, it's him that's the writer, ye ken.'" Sir John Macdonald says that among the judges Lord Deas was the only one of whom it could be said that he was a "character."

The following is a very good anecdote about him: "A young counsel had put some not astute questions in cross-examination, and closed a door of escape for his client, which was only ajar so far as the prosecution was concerned. Lord Deas put down his pen and said to the unfortunate advocate: 'Ye'd make a vera guid prosecutor, Mr. ——. I'll be glad to see you on the ither side of the table some day.'" Another instance of dry wit comes from an unexpected quarter, namely, Lord Glen-corse, who was more celebrated for solid learning than for any gift of repartee: "When on Circuit at Jedburgh, a counsel rather given to grandiloquence had emphasised a point he was making by saying to the jury that he pledged his professional reputation in support of his contention. At the next town in the Circuit he was loudly repeating the same pledge, when the Lord Justice-Clerk Inglis said drily from the Bench, 'I am afraid, Mr. —, that the article you mention is already in pawn at Jedburgh!'"

Lord Neaves was a humorist of whom better verses might have been given than those actually quoted. Here is a delightful anecdote about Lord Kinloch: "Lord Kinloch was of a cheerful disposition, and he it was who uttered a famous reply when an advocate, which was afterwards appropriated in 'Pump Court' as having occurred in London. When pleading at the Bar the following poser was put to him by the Lord Justice-Clerk: 'But, Mr. Penney, the peculiarity of the case as you are stating it, is that you have maintained four separate and inconsistent pleas.' 'Ha, ha,' replied he, with that rolling laugh I remember so well, 'there are four of your lordships.' Even the sternest had to join in the laugh which rang through the Court." Of himself the author modestly relates the following, which we quote, although it has often been retailed before, especially in Scottish society: "In recounting Bench and Bar stories, I shall hope to be pardoned if I put in one here—somewhat out of place—in which I was the performer myself, and I suggest to anyone who has a horror of puns, to skip the next few lines. My late friend, Mr. Comrie Thomson, was pleading in a case where there was a dispute between two proprietors in Cannongate of Edinburgh as to injury threatened by the proceedings of one to the security of the foundations of the house of the other. In the course of his argument he said that the building according to his information was founded on rock. My colleague, the late Lord Rutherford Clark, who excelled at putting catch questions in absolute solemnity of tone, said—in allusion to a celebrated sweetmeat—'You don't mean to say, Mr. Thomson, that you maintain that the house is built on Edinburgh rock.' Being tempted I fell, and broke in: 'I think if Mr. Thomson accepted that, he would have to admit that the house would come down *tout de suite*.' Lord Rutherford Clark generously accepted my counter, saying: 'That's good—that's very good,' and I hope the general hilarity was not on that occasion the sycophantic laughter which the profession are accused of having ready for Bench sallies, however feeble."

Some very good and truthful sketches are given of the various city fathers. Of Duncan M'Laren, a man whose name will ever be associated with municipal affairs in Edinburgh, he tells the following, the *mot* in question being attributed to Russel of the *Scotsman*: "During the time of his work in the municipality all did not see eye to eye with him, and he was the object of attack both on the platform and in the Press, and sometimes in not very measured terms. The simile being applied to him of 'a snake in the grass,' he sought, and successfully, to vindicate himself from the aspersion, which certainly went beyond the bounds of reasonable criticism of a public man. The verdict in his favour led to a very clever touch of sarcasm, presumably from the pen of Mr. Russel, and it may be quoted as a specimen of his keen wit. In commenting on the trial, he took the line of criticising Mr. M'Laren's capacity

as a financier, and taking exception to his calculations, he said, alluding to his skill at figures: "If he is not a snake, no one can deny at least that he is a remarkable adder."

Among the various functions described, perhaps the most important and interesting is the tercentenary of Edinburgh

University. We look in vain, however, for any mention of Robert Browning, Thomas Carlyle, or David Masson. But the jottings are only what they profess themselves to be—little thumbnail sketches and memoranda relating to the men and incidents that remain most firmly fixed in the mind of the writer.

## SHOOTING.

[The writer of the verses printed below in a covering note informs us that "the duck-shooting referred to in the third verse was the subject of an article in COUNTRY LIFE in February, 1905. It is the Bisterne shooting belonging to my brother, Major Mills of the Warwick Yeomanry. One of his keepers was killed in Gallipoli in August." Many of our readers will remember the article on the interesting duck-shooting at Bisterne, and we have much pleasure in reproducing from it a photograph that has more than a sporting value.—ED ]

Other years we were shooting, these months that have come again—

October, November, December—each with its joys in train :

Partridge drives on the stubbles, and the whistle sounding shrill

To bid the guns be ready, ere the covey sweeps from the hill.

This year, last year, always the whistles sound

Drawing the beaters onward, over the shell-swept ground !

Down come the golden oak leaves, black stand the solemn firs,

Cold is the air in our faces, crisply the north wind stirs :

Pheasants come well o'er the oak trees, in Gould's, or Keeper's Copse ;

"Forward, mark 'Cock !" through the fir trees, and the home-bred woodcock drops,

This year, last year, still with the sportsman's heart,

Through coverts torn by shrapnel, steadfast they play their part !

Quietly down to the river in the leaden morning's fog,

Over the open meadows—Ede Mead, Churl Mead, the bog—

Quietly, lest they should hear us, the duck, and widgeon, and teal—

Silently waiting the signal, down to the gazes we steal.

This year, last year, the trench instead of the gaze,

They wait for another "rise," cheerfully sure of the days :

Next year, God bring them back to the old, old ways !

E. M. M.



W. A. Rouch.

"OVER THE OPEN MEADOWS—EDE MEAD, CHURL MEAD, THE BOG."

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MALLARD RISING.

F. J. Mortimer.

## POEMS OF THE SEA.



F. J. Mortimer.

KEEPING WATCH.

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TO look over the newly published anthology of verse from COUNTRY LIFE is to recognise that the most promising of the young minds of to-day turn as passionately to the sea as did our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, one of whom wrote that wonderful sea song translated, if we are not mistaken, by the late Dr. Garnett. Nowhere is an entire surrender to the sea expressed more beautifully than in the case of him who cared neither for harp, for woman, for the world,

Nor for anything whatever, save the tossing of the waves,  
For ever he is longing who is urged towards the sea.

At all times this feeling is natural to an insular people, but amid the horrors of war, love of the sea glows still more fervently. It is mingled with pride in a mighty fleet which has grown up and developed with the history of a seafaring nation. English pride in the Navy and its tradition finds a good interpreter in the person of Miss Meugens. We give the whole poem, but would direct attention particularly to the fine note on which it closes.

## THE FLEETS.

Are you out with the Fleets through the long, dark night,  
Admiral Drake?

Are you keeping watch, when with never a light  
They patrol the seas and wait for a fight?

In that far South Sea were you standing by,  
Admiral Drake?

Did your masthead catch that wireless cry?  
Did you in sorrow watch them die?

Once more at the guns do your gunners strain,  
Admiral Drake?

Do their voices ring o'er the decks again,  
"Have at them, boys!" in the old refrain?

When the shining death leaps through the wave,  
Admiral Drake,

Are your boats all out in a rush to save?  
Do you stand to salute the death of the brave?

Are there others out on the heaving blue,  
Admiral Drake?

Are Collingwood, Blake and Nelson, too,  
In their high-decked ships along with you?

Oh, seamen of old, the shadowy gates  
Swing wide to let you through,  
And out o'er the seas your galleons sweep  
To fight for the flag anew.

It is no wonder that the surge of the sea is heard as a continuous accompaniment of English poetry. For the sea has played many parts to our race. In war it has at once been a shield of silver and the scene of our greatest victories: during peace time our heroes have gone forth on its waves, some urged by the spirit of adventure, others taking to it for a reason similar to that which swayed the distressed Scottish lover when the thought came to him on the sounding Baltic Quay:

Free, gang Free

For there's many a load on land can be ska'ed at sea.

When nothing else can shake off depression, it will be dissipated by

A splash from the freshening tide  
Of the waters you ride.

Black Care is at his greatest disadvantage when he is arrayed against those who have taken refuge in a ship and look out on sky and cloud and water with knowledge that they have made a truce with anxiety till the end of the voyage. The idea is expressed by Miss Vera Nicolson, one of the youngest of our poets, in a piece she calls "Sea-glamour." It is instinct with the very spirit of the sea:

## SEA GLAMOUR.

Who are those whose ears are open to the calling of the Sea?  
They who gave their hearts to her in days long past;  
Though now 'mid pleasant inland places, far from her, they dwell,  
They are weary till she calls them back at last.

For they think of cool green water walls with sunlight glinting  
through—

White horses lifting to a leaden sky—  
Of shifting, silver moonlight on the shoreward-going swell,  
And the gleam of broken water hissing by.

They long for open highways that of old their fathers knew,  
Where whistling breezes meet the foaming tide—  
For it's only wide blue waters that can satisfy their souls,  
And bring back to them the peace so long denied.

The same writer has in her long staccato lines caught the voice and movement of great waters in a piece called "The Bonxie"—a Shetland name for that wild buccaneer among birds, the great skua. It was a happy choice, for there is no bird which embodies the spirit of the breeze and brine more absolutely than the skua. Above the seas that wash the far-off northern islands of Orkney and Shetland, he is constantly to be seen following his piratical calling among the less militant sea-birds. The words in



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"OH, SEAMEN OF OLD, THE SHADOWY GATES  
SWING WIDE TO LET YOU THROUGH."

F. J. Mortimer



their sound, as well as in their sense, could hardly convey the idea of sea waves more accurately:

#### THE BONXIE.

The long grey rollers are hastening in, flecked with the foam of their speed—

For they must follow and follow fast wherever the gale may lead—

Over the edge of the cliff whereon their journey ends in spray,  
The Bonxie sails on wide-spread wings upon his wind-swept way.

King of the sea and air is he, his rule may none deny—  
The white-winged terns they scream and cower whenever he passes by;

Fierce and strong as the hurricane's blast—resistless, sure and swift,

He swerves to the leaping surge's crest and scatters the flying drift.

Dark and silent he sails along above the heather brown  
Of the hill that slopes beneath to where the cliffs of his kingdom frown—

Down thro' the wreathing white sea-fog in a rushing curve comes he,

Then upward and out on steady wing to answer the calling sea.

In contrast to these bold and striking sea pictures, done very obviously by one who lives in the sea breeze and brine, is the work of Miss Isabel Butchart. Hers are drawings of a most rare and delicate charm with the simplicity of perfect art. Her little poem "Dawn" is not very likely to appeal at once to the multitude, but will delight the cultivated taste which appreciates the fineness and clear sincerity which, gently and with an exquisitely refined fancy, brings before us a scene that probably most of us have witnessed a hundred times with, it may be, an unconscious pleasure, but an indifferent eye:

A drifting mist beyond the bar,  
A light that is no light,  
A line of grey where breakers are,  
And in the distance—night.

The watching lamps along the coasts  
Shine wanly on the foam,  
And silently, like tired ghosts,  
The fishing fleet comes home.

A meet companion to this is "Colonsay," with its haunting but simple refrain and lines packed with romance. It is in its own way perfect:

Dusk on the shore, but o'er the bay  
The dying gold of evening skies,  
And, sweet and chill, the sea wind sighs  
Round Colonsay, round Colonsay.

This is the Island of the Blest,  
Not where the southern waters sleep,  
But where the storm wave washes deep,  
And sea gulls wheel against the West.

Ghosts of dead men who, far away,  
Alone in sultry exile died,  
They flit, enchanted, o'er the tide  
Round Colonsay, round Colonsay.

Romance is linked on to plain and workaday humanity in Lord Archibald Campbell's lines "To a Sailor's Baby Lullaby at Tenby":

Whisper! what treasure shall the good ship bring  
Home—by and by?  
Now, in the glamour of the sunset hour,  
Now, on the mystic threshold of the night,  
When every breaking wave is turned to gold,  
To beaten gold each bastion and tower—  
Whisper! what treasure shall the good ship bring  
Home—by and by?

Now, at the hour when Fancy sets her sails,  
Sets sail 'neath skies that glow with ruby flame,  
Weighs anchor, bids farewell, with old world song,  
With sailor's chanty or babe's lullaby—  
Whisper! what treasure shall the good ship bring  
Home—by and by?



"AND SILENTLY, LIKE TIRED GHOSTS,  
THE FISHING FLEET COMES HOME."



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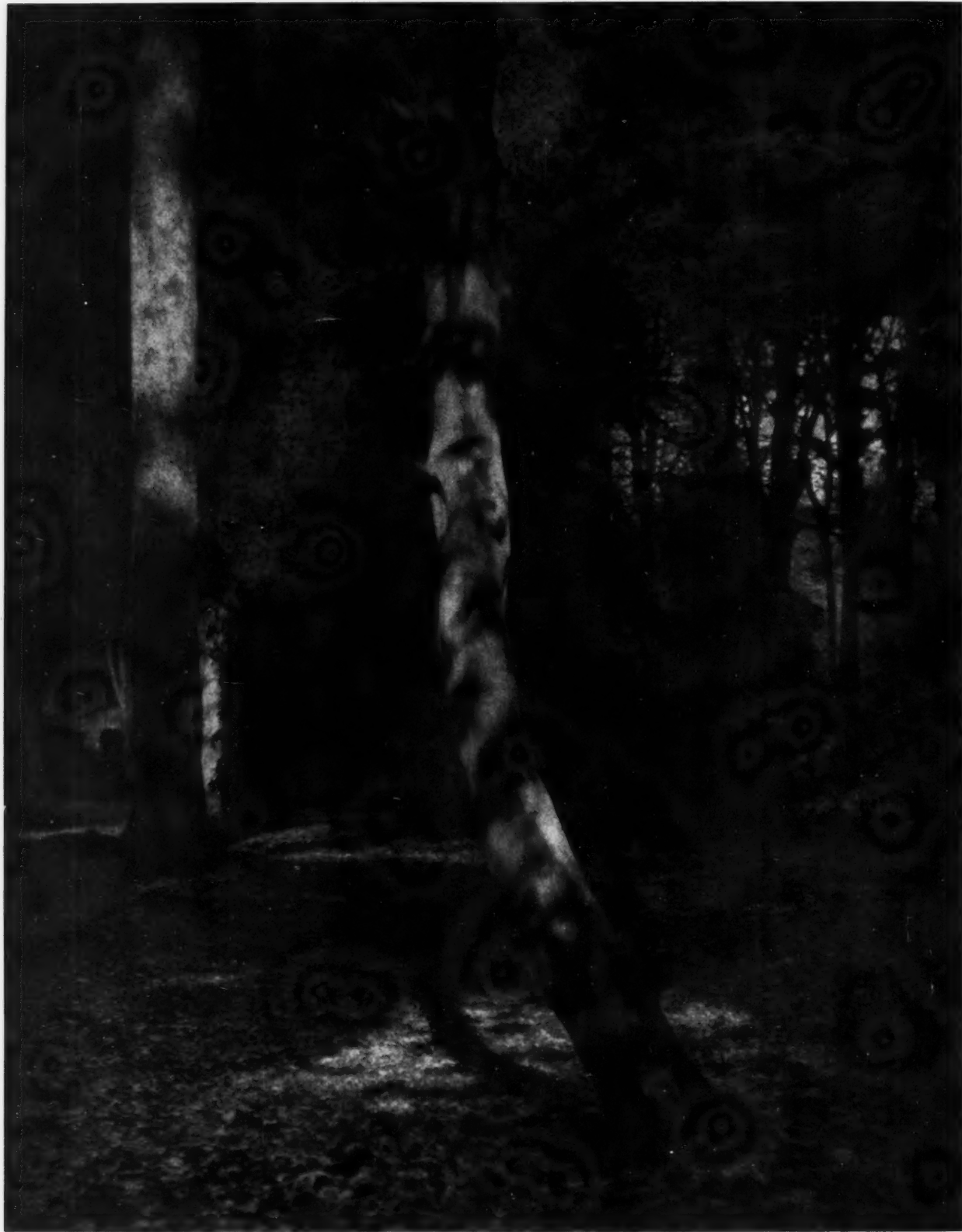
WHITE HORSES LIFTING TO A LEADEN SKY.

F. J. Mortimer.

## GEORGE MEREDITH AS A WOODLAND POET.

**I**N our issue for July 24th of this year there was reviewed the remarkable book which Canon Scott Holland published under the name of "A Bundle of Memories," and in the course of his criticism the writer quoted the "Dirge in Woods" as showing the high-watermark of Meredith's poetic genius. Mr. F. H. Evans, who is at the same time a most artistic photographer and also a devoted Meredithian, noticed the review and was moved thereby to send to us the very fine woodland pictures of Westernmain Wood which we show on these pages. It is very likely that Mr. Meredith would have flung laughing scorn on the idea of comparing a poem and a photograph; but the two are not

so very far apart. The great difference is sufficiently obvious. A poet's mind is the most delicate, beautiful and complete mechanism which has been produced in this world, and words form at once the most difficult and the most delightful material to work in. A work of art may be gauged by what we call its content, and if we assume this to be true, a comparison which is a little amusing and may be instructive can be drawn between the poem and the photograph. In the hands of a consummate artist like Mr. Evans, who is unending in his bestowal of patience and care and at the same time possesses a fine eye for the beautiful, the camera is made to record everything about



Frederick H. Evans.

DEERLEAP.

A point in Mr. Meredith's favourite walk.

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Frederick H. Evans.

## SURREY PINE WOODS.

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*Suggesting the wood of Westermains.*

the pine trees which has a material basis. It chronicles the height of the trees, their relationship to one another, the breaking of light through the branches, and, generally speaking, that forest sanctuary idea which is one of the most exquisite impressions that a forest gives. But, obviously, although Mr. Evans might be the greatest of poets, there are many things about the trees which he cannot convey by his mechanical process. Every line of the poem, almost, tells us something to suggest that—the stillness at the roots of the trees and the wind that plays with the pine tops. The motion cannot be photographed or painted, and motion carries with it noise—in the case of the pines the subtlest, most pathetic sighing. Scott has told us how the sound of the wind whispering through the

pinetrees would bring the tears to his eyes, and Meredith's poem shows that he understood and participated in that feeling.

Westermains Wood is not a tangible, actual forest, but a creation out of dreamland, and it must not be thought that Mr. Evans pretended to photograph the exact spot—supposing there was an exact spot—that was in the poet's eye or memory when he wrote. No music could be more woefully literal and material than that. Nathaniel Hawthorne once said that words were only algebraic symbols standing for worlds of thought within a poet's mind. This would apply most appropriately to the famous Dirge. Its history is pretty well known. In 1870 Meredith contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* a long poem called "In the Land," which he did not

subsequently consider worthy of a place among his collected works, but he took from it those lines. As a young man and, indeed, till the very end of his days, his pleasantest recreation was walking, which has held an equal place with so many intellectual men. Wordsworth tramped and tramped over those high Border hills, the spirit of which he had rendered in language more enduring, if that were possible, than they are themselves. Tennyson took very little exercise except walking, and it was in the course of his long tramps through the land that, in spite of his short-sightedness, he acquired so minute a knowledge of flower and bird and tree.

Meredith's temperament was much more self-engrossed. Never in the course of his works do we come across a great deal of detailed reference to the little things of the country—the sort of lore of which Richard Jefferies was the greatest modern master. But in his solitary tramps he mused, and perhaps in the depth of his unconsciousness thought out ideas that were afterwards to take more concrete form in his novels. At such times Nature made on his mind rich but vague impressions. He particularly affected the wooded districts that are in the neighbourhood of Dorking and along the banks of the River Mole.

In later days his exercise was confined, but there are many still living who can remember him in his days of physical vigour—a straight, tall, handsome, intellectual looking man, who was often to be met strolling among the trees or walking swiftly along the woodland ways. In this respect he bore a curious resemblance to Richard Jefferies, although it would be hard to find any in the writing of the two men. Jefferies in his youth and young manhood often was to be seen, not under trees, but on the commanding downs that rose above his old home, generally absolutely alone and frequently so immersed in thought and speculation that he had not time to recognise the greatest friend who happened to come that way. Meredith resembled him in the way of getting wrapt up in his own thoughts, but does not seem to have had the same favour for open aspects, preferring the shady furtive wood where he could think and feel, unseeing and unseen. The pictures we show are representative of the scenes in which he most delighted

—dim woodland ways, silent except for that soft unceasing sound which the wind produces as it plays on the tops of the pine trees. It is one of those voices which, like the murmur of the sea, appeal to the imaginative mind as an old crone appeals when she croons the story of half forgotten far-off things, and peoples the world as it were with the thronging shades of those who have gone before, till fancy almost hears the troops of those successive generations that have marched across the stage one after another. Here was one mood, but many were blended to produce the melancholy harmony of those brief lines:

A wind sways the pines  
And below  
Not a breath of wild air;  
Still as the mosses that glow  
On the flooring and over the lines  
Of the roots here and there.  
The pine-tree drops its dead;  
They are quiet as under the sea.  
Overhead, overhead  
Rushes life in a race,  
As the clouds the clouds chase:  
And we go,  
And we drop like the fruits of the tree,  
Even we,  
Even so.

Canon Scott Holland quotes the lines to show how great was the beauty that Meredith could throw into words. The remark is not entirely happy. It is rather in the manner of the admirer who complimented Lord Tennyson on his good fortune on being the possessor of so fine a style. "It did not come to me in my sleep," retorted the old poet, gruffly. In these lines as always it is the thought that lends beauty to the language. Mr. Thomas Hardy, in a letter to the present writer, once made the remark that poetry was an expression of the mood in which it was written, not necessarily, as it were, of the great permanent convictions that steady and direct a man's life, but of the fancies and ideas that sail across the intellectual horizon like shadows over a blue sky. To catch one of these moods and to place it sincerely before the reader is an art, if not the art, of poetry.

## MAHOMETAN CITIES AND MAHOMETANISM.

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM.

THE consideration of the wonderful Moslem cities, Constantinople, Cairo, Jerusalem and Bokhara, with their marvellous blending of colours, their characteristic covered ways and bazaars, their great spreads of lace and silk and carpets, slippers, fezes, turbans, copper ware, their gloomy stone ways and close courts, their blind houses made windowless that their women be not seen, their great mosques and splendid tombs, inevitably suggests a great question of the East. What is Mahometanism, what does it mean? At Cairo and Jerusalem, and even at Constantinople it is possible to doubt the real nature of the Moslem world; it seems a makeshift world giving way readily to Western influence, or in any case, reproved by the more splendid and vital institutions of the West standing side by side with many shabby and wretched phenomena of the East. But Bokhara is a perfect place. It is much more remote even than Delhi, and is almost untouched, unaffected by Western life. It is a city of a dream, and if a magician wished to transport some modern Aladdin to a fairy city, where there would be nothing recognisable and yet everything would be beautiful and bewildering, he need only bring him to the walls of Bokhara. Through Bokhara and its undisturbed peace and beauty, one obtains a new vision of Mahometanism, and it becomes absurd to think that the real Moslem world is of the same pattern as the Westernised and yet strangely picturesque cities with which we are familiar. We remember the fact that there are so many millions more Mahometans than there are Christians, that they live off the railways, in deserts, in far away and remote cities, that they journey on camels and in caravans and that to them their religion and way of life are sufficient, that they do not seek new words or inspiration, nor

do they want time to do other things, nor change of any kind. We remember their mystery, their faith and loyalty, their superb detachment, their state of being enough unto themselves, their playfulness, audacity, hospitality, how they shine compared with Christians in the keeping of the conventions of their religion, their punctual piety, their pilgrimages, and with all that their strange inferiority of caste.

Their pilgrimage to Mecca, which we are apt to regard merely as something picturesque, is in reality one of the most mysterious of human processions. From Northern Africa, from Syria, from Turkey and Armenia, from Turkestan, from the Chinese marches (there are even Chinese Mahometans, the Duncani), from India, from the depths of Arabia and Persia—to Mecca. Through Russia alone there travel annually considerably more Moslems to Mecca than there do Christian pilgrims to Jerusalem, and some of these Mahometan pilgrims are the most outlandish pilgrims. They are illiterate, simple, unremarked. They do not possess minds which could understand our modern Christian missionaries, and Russia, at least, has no desire to proselytise among them. If the peoples of the world could be seen as part of a great design of embroidery on the garment of God, it would probably be seen that Mahometanism at the present moment is part of the beauty of the pattern and the amazing labyrinthine scheme.

Mahomet and the Mahometans is not a subject to dismiss, and when we look at those wondrous cities of the East it is worth while remembering that we are looking at a new image and superscription and are in the presence of people who own a different but none the less true allegiance. As upon one of the planets we might come across a different race that had not had, and could not have, our revelation.

Our prejudice ought necessarily to be against Mahometans. They have ever been our religious enemies in arms, the Saracens, the Paynim, the hordes—we are not very amicably disposed to those of our argumentative brothers who to show their independence of thought say they prefer Mahometanism or Buddhism or Confucianism or what not.

In reading Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-worship" there is always a haunting feeling that it was a pity that for the "Hero as Prophet" he chose Mahomet and not Jesus, or that choosing Mahomet he had not travelled in Mahometan countries, investigating his subject more thoroughly and giving a truer picture of the significance of Mahometanism and of the man who founded it. The Mahomet section of "Heroes" is like a note that does not sound. Reading the lecture over again, one is struck with a new fact about Carlyle, his insularity of intelligence. Despite the fact that he is preoccupied with French and German history, you notice his narrowness of vision, or perhaps it is that the general vision of the world which men have now was not so accessible in his day, and the differences in national psychology now manifest were hidden in obscurity then. Carlyle saw mankind as Scotsmen, and all true religion whatsoever as a sort of Southern Scottish Puritanism. He saw all national destinies in one and the same type without any conception of fundamental differences of soul. He admired the Germans, and the Germans adopted him and his works. And he disliked the French because so few of them had that "fixity of purpose" and "manliness," "thoroughness," "grim earnestness" of his compatriots. Russia was a very vague country, but Carlyle approved of the Czar, dimly discerning in him one who must have something in common with Cromwell or Frederick the Great, "keeping by the aid of Cossack and cannon such a vast empire together." And the further his imagination ranges the more do his notions of foreign peoples and races fail to correspond with his patterns of humanity. Among the

many other destinies which he might have had and lived through one can imagine one wherein he travelled, and found in real life what he sought in museums and libraries. He would have been a wonderful traveller and would have known and shown more of the verities and mysteries of the world than he could through the medium of history.

Carlyle's Mahomet is an example of old-fashioned visions. It is clear now that this "deep-hearted Son of the Wilderness, with his beaming black eyes and open social deep soul" was not that determined, conscientious British sort of character that he is made out to be, nor has



Emil Frechon.

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"THEIR COVERED WAYS AND GLOOMY AND MYSTERIOUS PASSAGES."



Mahometanism that Cromwellian earnestness which Carlyle imputed to it.

It is impossible to find in the Moslem soul "the infinite nature of duty," and we would not explain the "gross sensual paradise" and the "horrible flaming hell" of the Mahometans by saying that to them "Right is to Wrong as life is to death, as heaven to hell. The one must nowise be done, the other

believe that the will of majorities should prevail would recognise the Mahometan majority. For though more warlike than we, they have not our weapons, and though they are finer physically, they have not our helps to Nature, nor our civilisation, nor our passion. They are apart, they are scarcely human beings in our Western sense of the term, and are negligible. Still, Mahometanism is an extraordinary

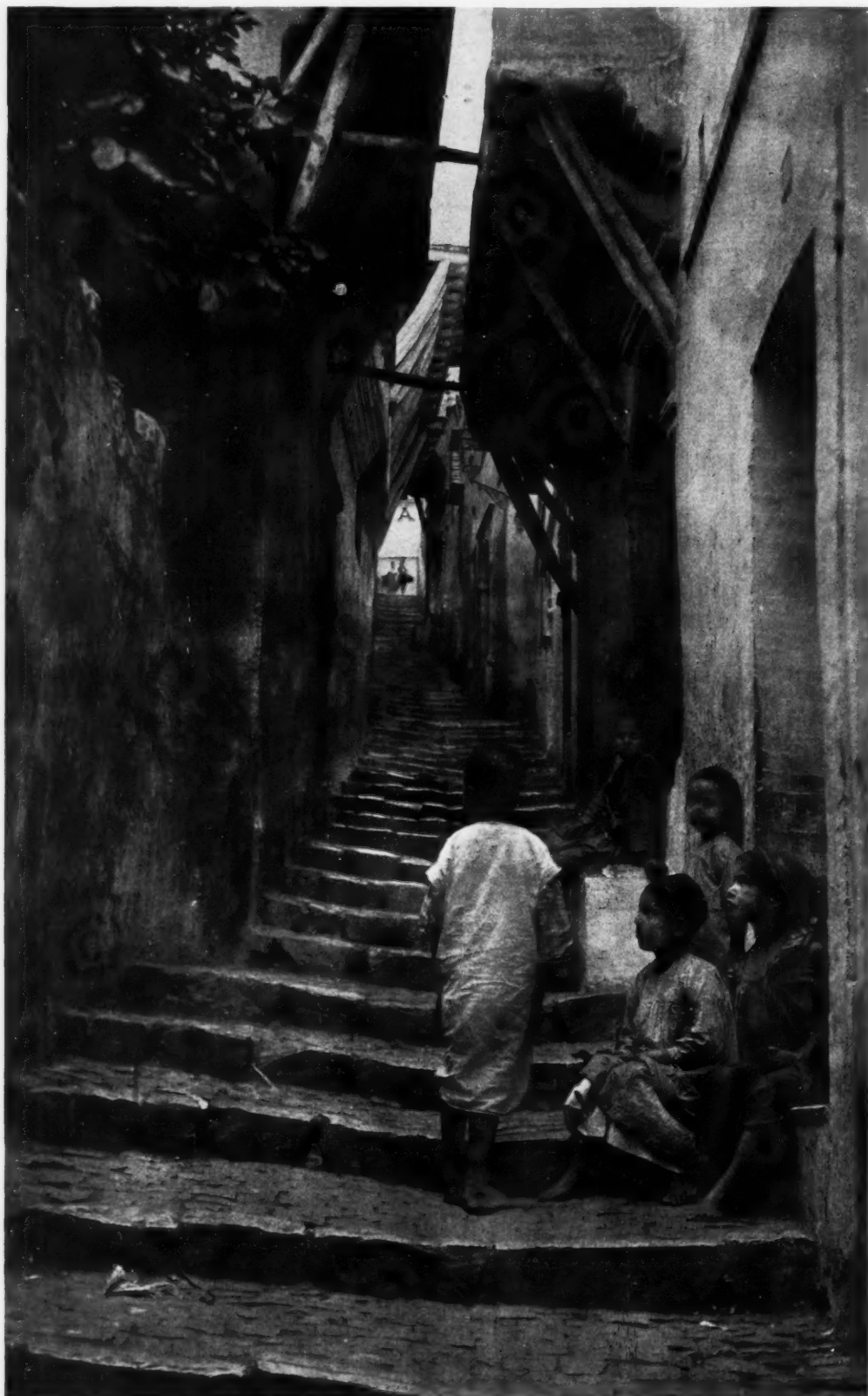
portent in the world. The Mahometans, those many millions, are not merely potential Christians, a set of people remaining in error because our missionary enterprise is not sufficient to bring them to the Light. It is not an accident, or a makeshift religion, but evidently a happy form suitable to the millions who embody it. It is a poetically fitting religion, part of the very fibre of the people who have it, and it cannot easily be got rid of or supplanted.

As enthusiastic Christians we consider the Moslem world with some vexation, some of us even with malice and a readiness to take arms against it. But as pleasure-seeking tourists and worldly men and women we rather love the Turk and the Arab for his "picturesqueness," for the picturesqueness of his religion. As sportsmen we love him because he has a reputation for fighting well.

It was with a certain amount of dissatisfaction that I fell into the hands of an Arab guide when I was in Cairo, and was shown, first of all, the picturesque mosques so beloved of tourists, the Mosque of Sultan Hassan, the Alabaster Mosque and so on. Not the ancient Egyptian remains, which are the most significant thing in Egypt, not the Early Christian ruins which are most dear to us (the old Christian monasteries which the Copts possess seemed to be known by none), but the mosques, made of the stolen stones of the Pyramids and of the tombs, and inlaid with the jewels taken from ikon frames and rood screens of the first

churches of Christianity. And as I listened to the details of the blinding of the architects, the destruction of the Mamelukes, the fighting and the robbing, I thought disparagingly, "They are all a pack of robbers, these Mahometans."

They are robbers by instinct and non-progressive, not only in life but in ideas. But they are picturesque, and have



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"ALL A CHILDREN'S CONTRIVANCE, SOMETHING PUT TOGETHER BY PEOPLE WHO DO NOT GROW UP."

in nowise be left undone." Mahomet and Mahometanism are not explainable in these terms.

Probably the most common assumption in the West is that Mahometanism does not count. In its adherents it greatly outnumbers Christianity, but not even those who



*Emil Frechon.*

MYSTERIOUS CAIRO.

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"THE WINDOWLESS BLIND WALLS OF THE HOUSES."

*Copyright.*



given to a considerable portion of the earth's face a characteristic quaintness and beauty. They cannot be dismissed.

Carlyle tries to see some light in the Koran and fails. Probably the Koran is translated in a wrong spirit or to suit a British taste. But obviously it is meant to be chanted and it is full of rhythms with which we are unfamiliar, as unfamiliar as we are with the sobbing, plaintive, screaming music that is melody in the Moslem's ears. The soul of the Koran is not like the soul of the Bible, just as the soul of a mediæval Christian city like Florence or Rome is unlike Khiva or Bokhara or Samarkand; just as the souls of our eager mystical populations are different from the souls of those simple, satisfied and fatalistic people. It is not easy to communicate the difference by words, it is not merely a difference in clothes. It is a difference in the spirit, a difference in the spirit that causes the expression to be different, whether that expression be clothes, or houses, or cities, or way of life, or music, or literature, or prayer. And while our expression changes, theirs remains the same. Our spirit remains the same, theirs remains the same, but only with us does the expression change.

"God is great; we must submit to God" is Mahometan wisdom. It is in a way a common ground—we must submit. But with the Mahometan there is a waiting for God's will to be shown, whereas with us rather a divination of it in advance. We are alive to find out what God wills for us. After "Thy will be done!" we put an exclamation mark and rejoice. Mahometanism is fatalism, but Christianity is not fatalism.

And if fatalism gives a tinge of melancholy to life, especially to an unfortunate life, it still makes life easier. It relieves the soul of care and takes a world of responsibility off the shoulders. The Mahometan is a care-free being. He has, more than we have, the life of a child.

Consequently, one of the greatest characteristics of Mahometan people is playfulness. All is play to them. They are playful in their attire, in their business, in their

fighting, in their talking. They buy and sell and make a great game of their buying and selling. They lack "seriousness." They are in no hurry to strike a bargain and get ahead in trade. Their instinct is for the game rather than for the business. Hence the comparative poverty of the Tartars—the most commercial people of the East. They are not serious enough to get rich in our Western way. They fight well because they see the game in fighting. Death is not so great a calamity to them as to us, for life is not such a serious thing. They look on playfully at suffering, and laugh to see men's limbs blown away by bombs. They like the gamble of modern warfare. And, of course, they were warriors and robbers before they were Mahometans. Fighting is one of their deepest instincts, and as they do not change with time as we do, they have an almost anachronistic love of battle. They are fond of weapons as of toys, fingering blades and laughing, guffawing at the sight of cannon. They love steamboats and battleships as children love toy steamboats, and they sail them on the waters of the Levant as children would their toys. Their hospitality is mirthful, as are also their murders and their massacres. Their heaven and hell are playful conceptions.

The condition of their remaining children is obedience to the simple laws of their religion. These obeyed, they are free of all troubles. And they obey. Hence from Delhi to Cairo and from Kashgar to Constantinople a playful and sometimes mischievous and difficult world. Looking at the great cities with their quaint figures and their chaffering, their elfish spires and minarets, their covered ways and gloomy and mysterious passages (Bokhara alone has fifty thousand covered ways crowded with these children-merchants and children-purchasers), their beggars, tombs, shrines, we must remember it is all a children's contrivance, something put together by a people who do not grow up and do not grow serious as we do—mysterious yet simple, fierce yet childlike, valorous and yet amused by suffering. Islam, the enemy of the Church in arms to this day.

## THE HOME LIFE OF THE GREAT CRESTED GREBE—I.

BY CHARLES R. BROWN.

[Mr. Charles R. Brown, in collaboration with a friend, has photographed and described with delightfully realistic details the ways of the Great Crested Grebe. We are permitted to give these extracts from his MS., which we hope to see in book form before long.—ED.]

**I**T was on June 15th, 1915, or three days after the erection of the hide, that my friend visited the nest of a great crested grebe, and as the eggs were quite warm, he concluded that the grebe had accepted the erection, so he proceeded to trim round the nest and in front of the hide. Having completed the trimming, he entered the hide and anxiously awaited the appearance of the birds.

His notes are as follow:—

JUNE 15TH, 1915.

Trimmed reeds and watched in hide, but the birds would not come near the nest. They remained close at hand in the reeds from 10.30 a.m. to 4.0 p.m., calling to each other from time to time. The male several times came close to the nest at the back, but would not come on to the nest. The conclusion I came to was that my shadow could be seen on the thin canvas front and that a double thickness would be required.

JUNE 17TH, 1915.

O. J. W. in hide. Fixed second thickness to front.

10.0 a.m.—Arrive at hide, bird off.

10.20 a.m.—Male arrived. Swam round hide and approached nest slowly through the rushes. Hesitatingly advanced on to nest and commenced to sit, after uncovering the eggs.

10.45 a.m.—Repairs nest from rushes floating at side of nest.

11.0 a.m.—Still sitting and appears at ease; plumes back feathers and wing primaries.

11.15 a.m.—"Points" at approaching waterhen and agitates crest.

11.20 a.m.—Changes position and turns eggs with beak.

11.30 a.m.—Repairs nest.

11.40 a.m.—Going to sleep with head back, but starts up on hearing waterfowl in rushes.

12.0 noon.—Changes position and again turns eggs with beak.

12.20 p.m.—Repairs nest by drawing floating rushes to it.

12.40 p.m.—Goes off nest and dives for rotted vegetation, which it brings up and carries to the nest. Dives four times, then returns to nest, turns eggs and continues sitting.

12.50 p.m.—Repairs nest by adjusting material previously brought.

1.0 p.m.—Still sitting and at ease.

1.15 p.m.—Female appears in rushes and swims about for several minutes.

1.20 p.m.—Male leaves the nest and joins the female.

1.22 p.m.—Female occupies the nest after adjusting the eggs with her beak.

1.45 p.m.—Female still sitting.

2.15 p.m.—She repairs the nest.

2.35 p.m.—Turns the eggs.

3.0 p.m.—Again turns her eggs.

3.30 p.m.—Still sitting, she repairs the nest at intervals and preens herself.

3.50 p.m.—Turns the eggs.

4.10 p.m.—Male returns and the female, leaving the nest, joins him in the reeds.

4.12 p.m.—Male occupies the nest.

4.21 p.m.—The boat approaches the reeds, and he appears uneasy, looking in all directions for danger. He rises from the nest and, standing on the edge, picks up soft wet rushes and places them over the eggs until all are covered, save a portion of one.

4.23 p.m.—Slides leisurely off the nest, silently enters the water and disappears among the rushes.

I noticed that the eggs were turned every forty to forty-five minutes, and that the birds took up a different position after each turning. At the times of changing both birds dive for weed and repair the nest.

JUNE 18TH, 1915.

C. R. B. in the hide.

10.0 a.m.—Arrive at the nest. The reeds having grown above the surface of the water, it was necessary to trim off the new growth in front of the nest.



HE REMAINS STATIONARY, TAKING FULL STOCK OF THE HIDE.

10.15 a.m.—Completed the trimming of the reeds and fixed up the camera. The boat now left the hide and I was alone.

10.25 a.m.—A slight movement among the reeds at the rear of the nest; the grebe can be seen cautiously approaching to within about six feet of the reeds. There it remains for some time, with no apparent movement beyond turning its head from side to side, listening intently.

10.35 a.m.—I now perceive it is the female, and she slowly advances into the open behind the nest, where she again remains stationary till a slight sound or movement in the hide causes her to

10.42 a.m.—Retire to the shelter of the reeds. The manner of this retirement compels attention: before actually withdrawing, the body of the grebe sinks perceptibly lower until only the back remains just above the water surface, the neck meanwhile is held quite stiff and erect, thereby assimilating itself to its surroundings.

10.47 a.m.—Having overcome her suspicion and being assured that no danger lurked in the hide, she swam to the edge of the nest and stretching her neck right over the nest, with

her breast almost on the edge of it, she sprang out of the water and alighted upon the side, the water dripping from her fur-like feathers. What a contrast she now presents! When in the water she looked sleek and slim, alert and dignified; now she looks anything but elegant. Standing with feet wide apart and leaning well forward, with neck arched back slowly she lifts first one foot and then the other and awkwardly flops towards the crown of the nest; there with slow deliberation she proceeds to uncover the eggs, placing the material removed around the edge of the hollow. Aptly has she been called the

"loon," which name is supposed to be a corruption of the Finnish designation, leomme or lem (lame), given to several of the Colymbidae on account of their awkward manner of advancing on land. Having placed the eggs with her beak to her satisfaction, and getting astride of them, she settles herself well down into the nest and proceeds to brood them. I say, "settles herself well down into the nest," for the process occupied several seconds and seemed to require a good deal of shuffling and



STRETCHING HER NECK RIGHT OVER THE NEST.



THE LOON UNCOVERS THE EGGS.

adjustment before she acquired the desired or correct position. When this was assumed, the wings were held well forward and down on to the nest, the secondaries plainly visible, and the crest at the same time being slightly elevated. Being finally settled, the wings are lightly folded upon the back and,

being well tucked under the coverts, are hardly visible. For some time she appeared quite conscious of some presence in the hide, and at the least sound would pluck up some material from the nest closer around her, as if preparing for departure, her eye practically never taken off the hide.



STANDING WITH FEET WIDE APART AND LEANING WELL FORWARD.



11.20 a.m.—Being comfortably settled on the eggs, she by now had quite accepted the camera and noise of the focal-plane shutter, so I secured a few photographic records, and was at liberty to note the various characteristics of the bird. "A handsome, specious fowl, cristated, and with divided fin-feet placed very backward." Thus is the great crested grebe described by Sir Thomas Brown, under the name of loon. It is, indeed, a handsome bird, even the female, while not so brightly coloured, nor having the crest and ruff so conspicuous as the male, is yet a truly striking object when seen at close quarters in its summer plumage. The brown of the back and sides blending well with the silky, silvery white of the breast and underparts. But the most striking feature is the crest and ruff, which, when extended, give a most unusual and distinguished appearance to this bird. The feathers of the crown are a blackish brown, glossed with dark green, and elongated into a flat crest, longer at the sides and somewhat forked. From the hinder parts of each side of the head springs a ruff or frill of



THE FINE ARISTOCRATIC BEARING OF THE MALE.

elongated feathers; the fore part of this ruff is light, bright chestnut, this colour merging into the white of the face, and the hinder part being the same colour as the crest. The irides are a blood-red crimson, and most conspicuous amid the white of the face. The position and form of the legs and feet, which are of a blackish green, while giving an ungainly and clumsy appearance to the bird when out of the water, are so placed and constructed as to be of the greatest possible assistance. When swimming, a more perfect paddle can hardly be imagined than the foot of the crested grebe. With the forward stroke the broadly margined toes, the foot and the tarsus close upon themselves, while the tarsus itself presents almost a knife-edge to the water; with the backward stroke the tarsus strikes partly with the broad dimension, and the spreading foot presents the utmost resistance to the water.

11.35 a.m.—She now got up off the eggs, shuffled round with her back to me, and after turning the eggs, settled



THE SECONDARIES PLAINLY VISIBLE.



"A HANDSOME SPECIOUS FOWL, CRISTATED."  
(Sir Thomas Brown on the "Loon.")

quietly down again, this time facing to the right. The same mode of procedure was again adopted in settling on the nest, where she remained until

12.10 p.m.—When she again adjusted the eggs and took up her position facing to the left. After contentedly brooding for some time she appeared to get uneasy as if expecting or waiting for something, every now and then reaching for a piece of reed from the water which she added to the nest, displaying to the full her length of neck. All at once

1.0 p.m.—She quickly got up off the eggs and slipped quietly into the water. Wondering what had disturbed her, I look around and espy her mate through the reeds. He remains stationary, taking full stock of the hide, after which, diving, he came up close to the nest, swimming quietly.

1.5 p.m.—He jumped on, inspecting and adjusting the eggs, and settled down facing the camera. I was struck with the fine, aristocratic bearing of the male and his fearless carriage. His fine and sinewy, snake-like proportions are seen to advantage when upon the water or sitting on the nest. The colouring of the male is much higher and brighter than that of the female. He showed no uneasiness or real fear at the release of the camera or other noise in the hide, but should there be a sudden movement of the canvas front he would pluck the nest material closely around him or, stretching his neck and turning his head from side to side, would partly elevate his crest.

1.45 p.m.—Change of position from front to three-quarters left; this time he did not turn the eggs, but at once settled down to brood them.

2.20 p.m.—Gets up off eggs, stands with back to the hide, turns eggs, and broods facing the right.

2.40 p.m.—The boat can be heard coming up the mere. Bird seems very uneasy and excitedly reaches for nest material, pulls it up around him; as the boat enters he gets up and deliberately and rather slowly covers the eggs with the loose material which he had just pulled up. This covering of the eggs, which is done quietly and most methodically, is far different from the hasty spasmodic action of the little grebe when covering its eggs. Only quite a few pieces of material are used, yet when finished there is rarely any sign of an egg, even when close to the nest.

2.45 p.m.—Having completed the covering, he slips quietly and noiselessly into the water and disappears among the reeds as the boat reaches the hide. Being somewhat stiff and cramped, and ready for something to eat after my nearly five hours' vigil, I decided to depart, well pleased and highly delighted with my first acquaintance with the great crested grebe at close quarters.

(To be continued.)

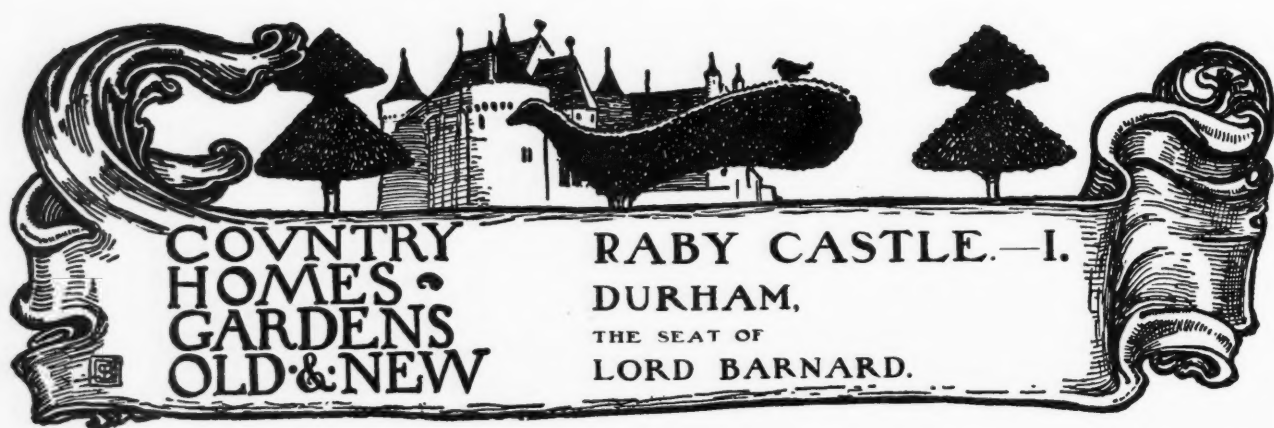


CHANGE OF POSITION FROM FRONT TO THREE-QUARTER LEFT



DELIBERATELY AND RATHER SLOWLY COVERING THE EGGS.





**R**ABY has the rare distinction of having been held in Norman, Plantagenet and Tudor days by the male line of a Saxon family of Royal blood. The stock was prudent and prolific, and promised to continue in possession till our own day. But under Elizabeth came sudden disaster. The owner failed to have a son and rose against the Queen. Raby knew

its ancient lords no more; but after remaining a while in the hands of the Crown, it was acquired by a family rich in distinguished men, and thus it may be said of the Castle that though its architectural interest is great, yet its historic associations are greater still. They are wrapped up in the annals of the Nevills and Vanes, of whom the former produced not only great warriors and Churchmen, but a king maker who lifted his Plantagenet relations on and off the throne; while among the capable members of the latter family two statesmen of ability stand forth.

If it is of the Nevills—of a race that took its name from the Norman Gilbert de Neuville, commander of the Conqueror's fleet—that we first have to speak, why is it claimed for Raby that noble Saxons were its mediæval owners? That is the curious point. The Nevills of Raby were Saxons who assumed a Norman surname.

Raby is a portion or, as Surtees rather curiously terms it, a "constabulary" of Staindrop, and the park adjoins the one street of the little town. As early as the days of King Cnut, Staindrop was the capital of a wide and fertile district, and the King gave the whole of it to St. Cuthbert, that is, to the monks of the great religious house that was planted on the hill of Durham. In 1131 the Prior, in return for the annual payment of four pounds and a fat buck, to be presented on St. Cuthbert's Day, granted the honour of Staindropshire to Dolphin, the son of Uchtred, which Uchtred had been the son of Gospatrick Earl of Northumberland and the husband of Elfgiva, daughter of Ethelred the Unready. Raby appears already to have been the chief house of the honour, and here in turn were seated Dolphin's son Maldred and his grandson Robert. Among their neighbours were the Nevills, of whom Geoffrey de Nevill, lord of Brancepeth, died in 1194, when his daughter and heir, Isabella, carried his estates to her husband, Robert Fitz Maldred, and thus it passed to their son, Geoffrey Fitz Robert. It will be seen that these descendants of Gospatrick had not as yet assumed a permanent surname, but now Geoffrey, though Raby retained its position as the headship of his great inheritance, took his mother's name and became known as Geoffrey de Nevill. The position of the family gave them opportunity of distinction on the Scotch borderland, and Geoffrey's son Robert was *capitanus regis*, or general of the King's forces beyond Trent. He outlived his son, who, nevertheless, helped to build up the family fortunes by marrying the heiress of Middleham, so that the territorial position of his descendants was as strong in Yorkshire as in Durham, and thus until their fall the Nevills ranked with the Percies and Cliffords as the great barons of the



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1.—THE GATE HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





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2.—BULMER'S TOWER FROM OUTSIDE MOAT.

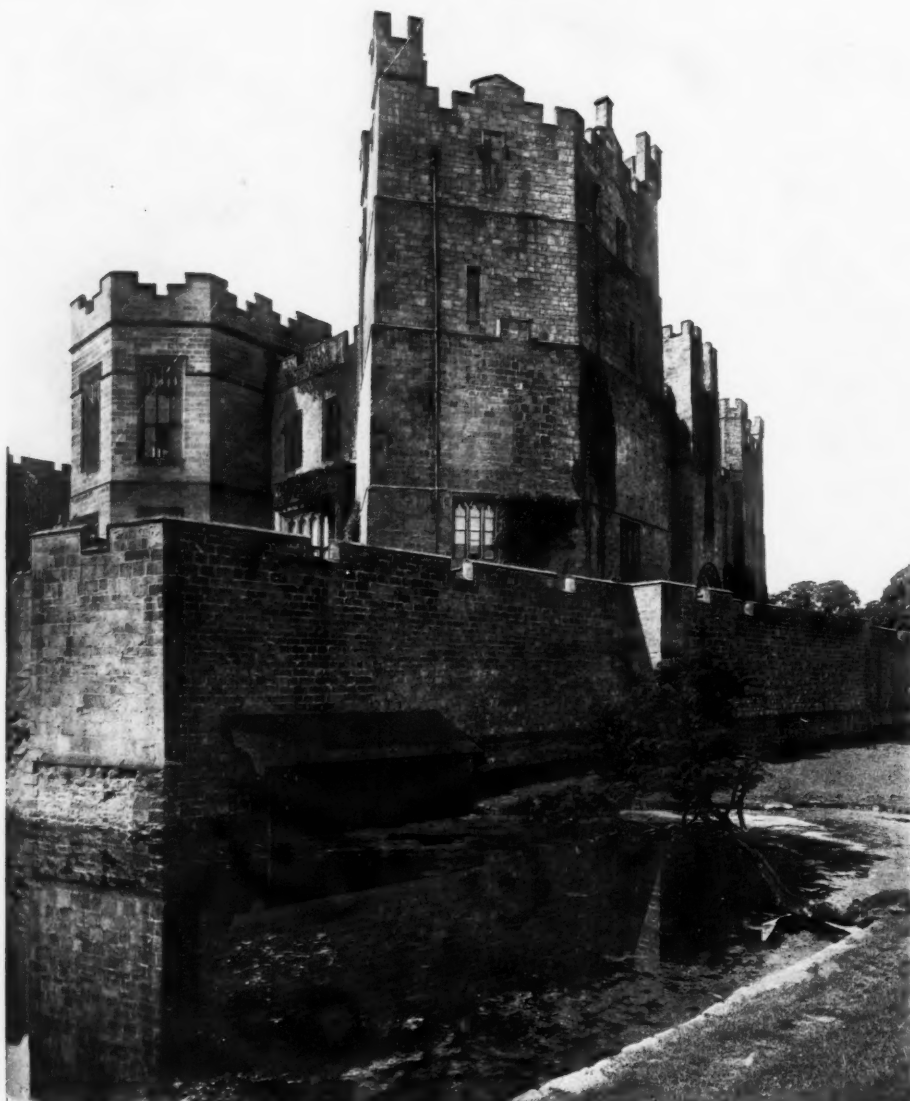
"COUNTRY LIFE."

North. A century after Geoffrey Fitz Robert's death, the first distinct battle honour came to Raby, for in 1346 Ralph Nevill, its lord, led the van of the army that confronted the Scotch invasion under King David Bruce, who was threatening the City of Durham. The hosts met at Nevill's Cross, the Scots were put to flight and their King captured. Liberty was not regained without the passage of much time and money, and it was Ralph Nevill's son, John, who negotiated the ransom, and the sum of 24,000 marks, representing a purchasing power of a quarter of a million pounds nowadays, was handed over to him. The father's public life was mostly spent in the North keeping guard and battling against the Scots; but John's exploits took place in France, where he earned distinction as a young man. Then, after he succeeded as fifth Lord of Raby in 1367, we find him in command of a fleet, and later on at the head of a successful

estates for thirty-seven years and became first Earl of Westmorland. Indeed, Mr. Pritchett, who read a paper on Raby to the Archæological Association in 1886, gives the son credit for most of the work. "As Lord John was nearly all his life fighting abroad and his son was as much at home bringing up twenty-three children, most of whom were born during the life of their grandfather, I think we may call the building of this magnificent Castle the work of the great Earl." This appears correct, although, if we are to believe the "Dictionary of National Biography," he was only born in 1364, in which case he would only have been twenty-four when his father died. But as his first wife, after bearing him nine children, died in 1370, the birth date is clearly wrong.

Inheritor of upwards of four-score manors, he had wealth for building purposes as well as for the upkeep of his various castles and the maintenance of a great household. He was of the few who were always on the winning side in a revolutionary period. It was for siding with Richard II when that King freed himself from the regency in 1397 that Ralph Nevill was created Earl of Westmorland. But two years later he contributed to Richard's fall by joining Henry on his landing in England, and to Henry he proved true when his great northern neighbours, the Percies, rebelled. His second wife, indeed, was Henry's half-sister, and thus he gained much by Henry's seizure of the throne. To the wife who had thus brought him within the Royal circle he felt he owed so much that the best part of his inheritance went to her children. The first wife's descendant became, indeed, second Earl of Westmorland and Lord of Raby; but Joan of Beaufort's eldest son inherited Middleham, and by his marriage with Alice de Montacute became, in her right, Earl of Salisbury. His youngest sister (the twenty-third child of her father) was the mother of Edward IV, whom his son, Warwick the King Maker, pulled on and off the throne.

The greatness of the Middleham branch had to be paid for, and the Wars of the Roses annihilated them; while the humbler, if elder, Raby branch got through the ordeal unscathed. Ralph, first Earl of Westmorland, lies in effigy between his wives in Staindrop Church. The splendid alabaster monument (Fig. 11) has received little injury. The rows of



Copyright. 3.—SOUTH-EAST ANGLE OF MOAT WITH BULMER'S TOWER. "C.L."

army in Aquitaine. We learn from Froissart how "le sire de Noefville," when he reached Bordeaux in 1378, was received "grandement" by the Mayor, archbishops, citizens and ladies, and being lodged in the Abbey of St. Andrew, remained seneschal of Bordeaux. We are told that during his service in those parts he conquered or had surrendered to him eighty-three walled towns, castles and forts. It was while he was there that he obtained from the Bishop of Durham—who exercised almost sovereign rights over that palatine county—licence to crenellate Raby.

He came home in 1381, and very likely during the seven years of life which yet remained to him the early home of Dolphin's successors was largely replaced by the late fourteenth century castle of which the bulk yet remains. Much, however, must certainly have remained unfinished when in 1388 he was succeeded by his son Ralph, who held the

niches along the sides lie empty, and the little kneeling figures at the feet of the Earl and his Countesses have lost their heads. But it remains a notable example of an art which reached a high level in fifteenth century England.

When the Earl died in 1426, his grandson Ralph succeeded him at Raby. He fought in France in his early days, and an old chronicler calls him "as politique in peace as hardy in warre." But when war shifted from French to English soil and the deadly dynastic struggle which involved his uncle in ruin broke out, his "politique" characteristics prevailed. He appears to have been a mere observer of the holocaust of princes and barons, and died in the peaceful possession of his estates in 1484. He had no son, and as his brother, John, had fallen fighting against Edward IV at Towton in 1461, the future succession for a while hung in the balance. But the attainder which John had incurred was

eventually reversed in favour of his son and so the younger Ralph could succeed his uncle on the latter's demise. He is said to have died of grief in 1499 on losing his son, whereupon his grandson succeeded as fourth Earl. He kept clear of the Pilgrimage of Grace which involved in ruin many of the Yorkshire baronage and gentry in 1537. Equally "politique"

up in all probability as a Roman Catholic at Raby Castle." It was in 1569 that Charles, sixth and last Earl of Westmorland, failed in the family characteristic of either keeping aloof from dangerous political movements or of making a timely move to the winning side. Mary Queen of Scots had come to England in the previous year and,



Copyright.

4.—CLIFFORD'S TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

was his son Henry, the fifth Earl, for although he was one of the signatories of the settlement of the crown on Jane Grey in June, 1553, he, nevertheless, supported the accession of Mary a month later. Indeed, he seems to have leant towards the old faith, for we hear that his son, whose adhesion to it proved his ruin, "was brought

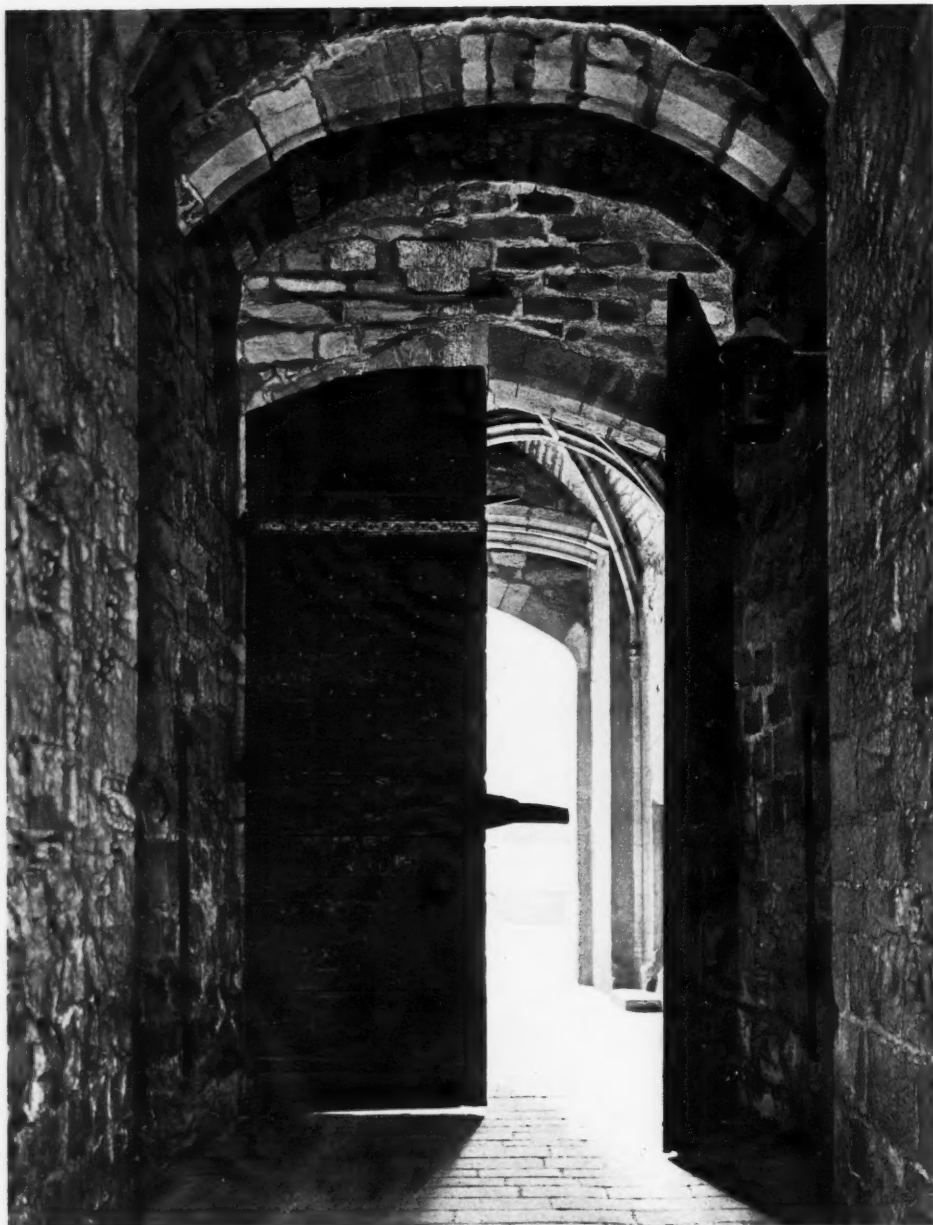
as we saw when South Wingfield was our theme last June, was in the custody of the Earl of Shrewsbury, first at that strong Manor Place and then at Tutbury Castle. Her marriage with the Duke of Norfolk, the first peer of the realm, was promoted by her friends and was warmly encouraged by the supporters of the religion of Rome, and especially by his.





Copyright 5.—THE WAY IN FROM GATE-HOUSE TO NEVILL GATEWAY.

"C.L."



Copyright 6.—THROUGH THE NEVILL GATEWAY LOOKING OUTWARD.

"C.L."

brother-in-law, Westmorland. Catholic feeling was very prevalent in the northern counties where the heads of the Nevill and Percy families led public opinion. The Government was alarmed and summoned the two Earls "to repair to the Queen's majesty." This they refused to do, called together their partisans and raised the standard of revolt. On November 13th they met in council in the Great Hall at Raby, and next day marched to Durham where they restored the Mass. Thence they hoped to go south to Tutbury and liberate Mary, but on their way they heard that the Queen was removed to Coventry, and the northern Earls frittered their time and strength in besieging Barnard Castle, held by Sir George Bowes, of whom and of his action in this rebellion we shall hear more when we come to speak of Streatham a fortnight hence.

The royal forces grew in numbers and moved north, while the Earls' ill-disciplined host melted away, and after another meeting in the hall of Raby, they dispersed and Westmorland fled to Scotland. Raby was occupied on behalf of Elizabeth in 1570 and the commissioners sent down to inspect reported that it was "lyke a monstrouse old abbey, and will soone decay yf it be not continually repayred, yt standeth so open and playne and subject to all wynd and wether." Half a century of neglect, however, did not produce so dire a result, although, when the new owner came into possession, he, no doubt, found plenty to do.

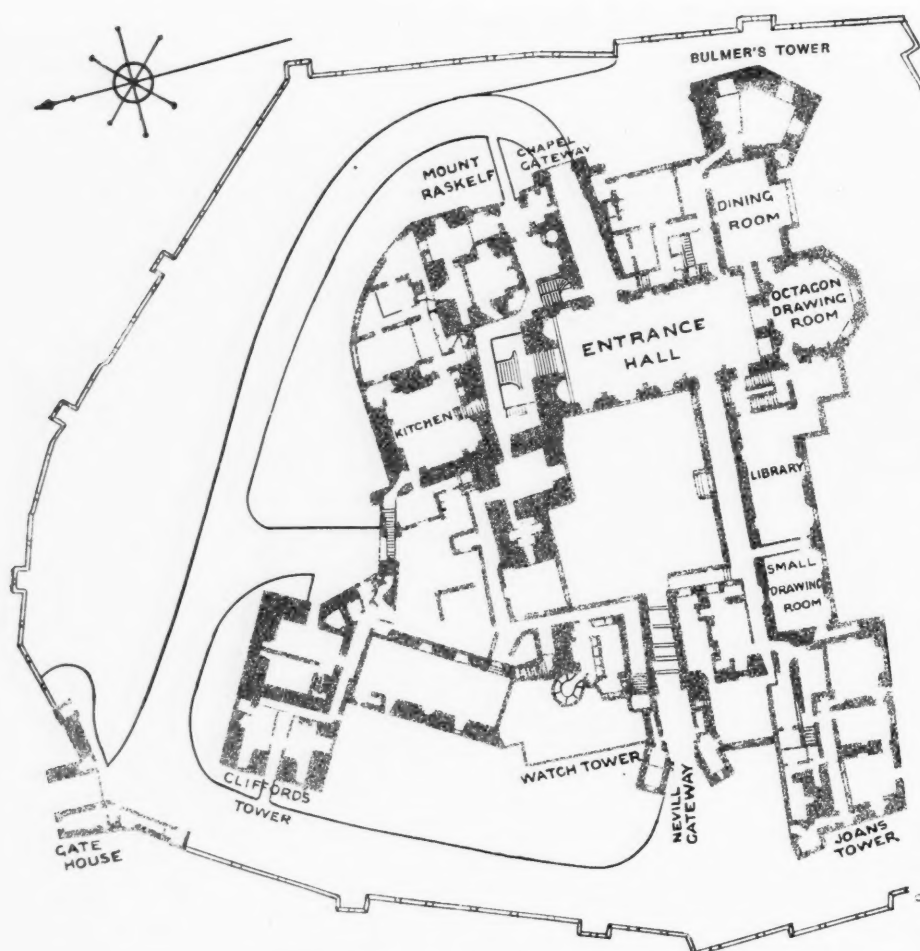
Meanwhile Earl Charles suffered attainder and forfeiture, and passing into Flanders lived there a score of years in obscurity. His death in 1591 ended the line of the Nevills. Lords of Raby, and we must turn our attention to the great fortified pile which they had built and inhabited. We have seen how, in 1378, John Nevill, while warring in Aquitaine, procured a licence to crenellate "all the towers, houses and walls in his manor of Raby." Beyond the evidence of the now much altered fabric, that is the one surviving document as to the castle's date. And that must by no means be taken to mean that John Nevill began anew. He merely altered, enlarged and strengthened what he found. Nor is it likely that he had completed



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7.—THE CHAPEL AND MOUNT RASKELF TOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



GROUND PLAN OF THE CASTLE.

the task when he died in 1388. His son Ralph, first Earl of Westmorland, carried on the work, just as he also enlarged his other castles at Sheriff Hutton, Middleham and Brancepeth, which—as Mr. Pritchett has pointed out—show quite similar work. Each of his descendants, too, will have

into sashes, indeed, but perhaps retaining the old form of the stonework. Yet it lacks the usual Norman flat buttresses and still retains one or two original fourteenth century windows. From this enclosure, with towers "at ech Ende as Entres," as Leland finds it in Henry VIII's time, he

introduced something of his own time, so that even now traces of Henry VIII work are discoverable. Thus three centuries of further alterations do not altogether prevent us from forming some idea of what the castle was like when Earl Charles fled from it at the approach of the Royal troops in December, 1569.

A moat ran round an irregular area, some two and a half acres in extent, coming to a point towards the north, but with a straight south side where the water is still maintained, having in the eighteenth century been extended lake-like and reflecting the long elevation of the castle on its placid surface (Fig. 8). The only way across the moat was, and as the plan shows still is, by the gate-house at the northern apex. Portcullis, and probably also drawbridge, sources of strength in themselves, were further protected by the arrow slits and machicolations of the entrance tower (Fig. 1). The gate house gave access to a court, with the great bulk of "Clifford's" tower (Fig. 4) facing you. The rectangular shape, thick walls and great height, recall a Norman keep, and it is noticeable that an eighteenth century print gives it round headed windows, transformed





tells us that he passed into another "area," having a "great Gate of Iren with a Tour" at its entrance. This must refer to the "Nevill" gateway. That brought him to "the chief Toures of the 3 Court as in the Hart of the Castel," where "The Haul and al the Houses of Office be large and stately; and in the Haul I saw an incredible great Beame of a Hart." But already the tendency to have more, if smaller, rooms, had led to an alteration of the great chamber, once "exceeding large," but then "fals rofid and divided into two or three partes." Nothing is now known of it except that it lay next the hall, while of the original hall itself no detail is left but the remains of a stone screen, half buried by a later alteration of floor level. The kitchen, however, which lays north of the hall, survives almost untouched. Indeed, Mr. Pritchett held it to be "as perfect as the day it was built, with magnificent groining supporting a very beautiful ventilating turret of stone." Its most remarkable feature is the passage running round it in the thickness of the walls at window height, so that even the five steps down from it at each window aperture by no means bring you to the level of the floor (Fig. 9). There were three great chimney arches, "one for the grate, a second for stoves, the third for the great cauldron," as Pennant described them in 1772. He also mentions the oven—which was separate from the kitchen—as being "of the dimensions suited to the hospitality of those times, higher than a tall person, for the tallest may stand upright in it, and, I think, the diameter must be 15ft." He found it, however, turned into a wine cellar, divided into ten parts.

The large hospitality and vast household of the later Nevills is shown, not only by the size of the Raby oven, but by the extent of the accommodation, since Leland declared it to be "the largest castel of logginges in al the North Cuntery." They were spread about in the numerous towers and their connecting buildings. They, however, appear to have stopped short of the south-east or Bulmer's Tower. The plan shows that the thick walls end to the east with the hall and to the south with the chapel building. Portions of windows, both Early Gothic and Henry VIII, have been found in the south wall of the chapel, and the hall had the usual fenestration on both its sides. Moreover, in Grose's "Antiquities," neither the plates nor the plan of Raby—

dated respectively 1774 and 1776—show any trace of building or even curtain walls connecting hall or chapel with Bulmer's Tower, which stands out clear as a massive detached bulwark. Tradition makes this tower the oldest portion of the castle and we may certainly date its lower storeys long before the days of John and Ralph Nevill, although we may hesitate to accept the view of Hutchinson, who, calling attention to its shape as that "of an ancient arrow head," opines that it may be "Danish" and date from the time of



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9.—IN THE KITCHEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Cnut. No Bulmer had anything to do with its erection. The Bulmers owned Brancepeth, and their heiress brought it to the Norman Nevills. Only through the latter then were the lords of Raby connected with the Bulmers, but the plan of calling sections of the castle after ancestors or relations of the family arose fairly early for on the tower in question Leland saw "2 Capitals B from *Berthram Bulmer*," while that at the south west end was of "the Name of *Jane*, Bastard Sister to *Henry the 4*," that is of Earl Ralph's second countess. No doubt the other towers were already named as we know them,



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10.—ARCADING IN THE WEST WALL OF THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Clifford's and Mount Raskelf, guarding the northern as Joan's and Bulmer's do the southern corners. Towards the centre of the west side rises the watch tower, and near by are the obliquely placed flanking turrets of the Nevill gateway (Fig. 5). Below the machicolation of the gateway are three shields of arms, within the garter. The cross of St. George is in the centre and Nevill and Latimer on either side.

John Nevill became a Knight of the Garter in 1369 and his second wife was heir to Lord Latimer. The Nevill gateway is therefore his work, but he set it in front of an earlier entrance. That will account for the seventy feet depth of the passage through, for the double portcullis and for the change in the vaulting (Fig. 6). That of the inner part is plainly built of rough stone, but through the great door we reach the section with finely moulded vaulting ribs, wrought in ashlar, corresponding to the detail work of the outer elevation of the gateway.

Across the court thus entered rose the great hall upon a low undercroft, as at Aydon, Markenfield and Brinsop, and no doubt, like them, approached by an outside stairway. To the right and joining on to the dais end of the

hall would be the "great chamber" and the "lodging" of the lord and lady. To the left rose a tower, through which the kitchen and its numerous "houses of office" may still be reached, while stretching out from the east wall of the hall lay the chapel over a postern entrance defended by a barbican. Thereon was a rough sculpture of the Nevill bull, and from its battlements there looked down stone figures,

such as the Edwardian castle builders were fond of setting on their crenellations, and which still occur at Carnarvon and Chepstow, at Alnwick and Lumley. The barbican went long ago, but the figures may be seen perched on the gatehouse, to which they were removed in the eighteenth century (Fig. 1), when, also, the bull was set up on the home farm gateway. Between hall and chapel was set a trefoil headed arcading (Fig. 10) which, when the usual wooden shutters were open, permitted those in the hall to look upon the high altar. It has only recently been brought to light, having been walled up when the alteration of floor levels led to the practical destruction of chapel and hall as examples of mediæval architecture. But how and when all this took place will be told next week.

H. AVRAY  
TIPPING.



11.—RALPH, FIRST EARL OF WESTMORLAND. AND HIS TWO WIVES.

## THE PRINCE OF WALES AS FARMER



LOOKING OVER THE HOME FARM.

**A**T present the Prince of Wales is setting an admirable example by taking his place quietly and modestly in the firing line. He was one of the first to respond to the call of battle, and though publicity is a thing from which he shrinks rather than seeks, the little that has come out regarding his conduct as a soldier inspires confidence in his devotion to duty and to patriotism. Before the outbreak of war interest was evoked by a rumour

of the well considered preparations to fulfil the Royal traditions by turning the Duchy of Cornwall into a model estate and thus enabling the Prince to assume his natural place as a leading country gentleman in the manner of his immediate ancestors. Nothing could be more congenial to one who had already proved himself a sportsman and a lover of simplicity in life and pleasure.

Dartmoor, the principal scene of these activities, has not hitherto been associated with high farming. It is more



THE HOME FARM, STOKE CLIMSLAND.





THE YARD ENTRANCE.



INSIDE THE YARD.

famous for its charm, the charm of high open spaces, fresh, stimulating winds and wild landscape. To many it is a cherished home of romance. But scattered over the moor are many tracts of fertile land, and, save for the miners who still work the ancient mines, its sparse population is almost wholly engaged in husbandry.

Large and patriotic views have guided those who have helped to frame the agricultural policy of the Duchy. It is not the ambition of the Prince merely to have beautifully tilled land and excellently kept stock and possess a vast number of cups, plates and other prizes won at agricultural shows. These are not things to be despised, but greater far is the ambition to show an example of the best that can be done in order to stimulate and help the agriculture of the neighbourhood, to provide work and attract a labouring population, and to add to the cultivated

area and, therefore, to the wealth of the country. Until now no very successful attempt has been made to attack the wild moor and bring it into cultivation. Like the untamed thing it is, the Moor has laughed at the efforts made to bring it under harness, so to speak. Thousands have been spent in vain over the attempt. Old lovers of Dartmoor are not sorry. They cherish above all else the picturesqueness of the wildness.

Even at some loss of beauty, it would be worth while to reclaim and bring into cultivation as much of Dartmoor as is possible. This war has proved to the hilt in how much more advantageous a position Great Britain would have been if able to feed itself. There would have been no occasion in that case to buy so many imports at a time when

our total exports are not sufficient to pay for them. Another point is that everything deserves encouragement which will



SLIDING DOORS.



CATTLE BOXES WITH EXERCISING YARDS.



BROADHOOKS IDEAL.



COLLYNIE RED KNIGHT.

bring more men on to the land, and, incidentally, it may be noted that the uplands of Dartmoor are extremely well fitted to produce thew and sinew. But in any event, the idea that the beauty of the moor is likely to be spoiled in any way by

provided. In other words, a preliminary to serious reclamation work must be the planting of great shelter belts; a mere line of trees, even a double line or a treble line, would not serve the purpose, as that would inevitably be either dwarfed



TOWARDS THE CORNISH HILLS.

reclamation is absurd. It is not as though the intention were to build great factories and put up tall chimneys, though even these would be swallowed up in the wide space of the moor. But more grassland, more wheatland, more tilth generally, would enhance rather than lessen the beauty of the neighbourhood. Besides, Princetown stands at an elevation of some 1,400 feet above the sea, and it requires little knowledge of agriculture to understand that crops could not be produced satisfactorily on altitudes even less than that without shelter being

by the exposure or hurled down by the tempest. The shelter belt must take the form of a broad plantation of trees, such as the landscape gardener would like to plant in order to procure a good aesthetic effect. Timber, again, threatens in

the future to be a scarcer and dearer commodity than it is today. Therefore, it will be remunerative and certainly beautiful to lay out woodlands wherever more tender farm crops could not be expected to do well. Thus the picture that arises on Dartmoor is one that does not differ essentially from the present. There



TURNING OUT TIME.

will always be enough of bareness and barrenness to please those whose taste for the wild is most pronounced. But the application of the principles of forestry will relieve the desolation a little by, so to speak, hanging festoons of living green about those portions of the moorland which are cultivated. A few years ago some tentative efforts at reclamation were made and the results encouraged the hope of a larger operation. At the present moment further experiment is being carried out according to the plans of M. Vendelmans, and it is hoped that before the war is over sufficient will be known of the results to justify operations on a largely extended scale. This would have the advantage of providing work for a number of hands that might otherwise find themselves idle for two or three years after the war, and of preparing ground on which those of our soldiers who prefer a country life might find scope for agricultural work, profitable to them and of great advantage to the country. Mr. Peacock, the Treasurer of the Duchy, is carrying out an enlightened and enterprising policy which promises to be of value, not only to the immediate neighbourhood, but to the country at large.

One word ought to be said in regard to sport. Recently it has been argued that if the best agricultural use is to be made of British soil the game must be reduced. This is not an accurate view to take. It is an old saying in the country that partridges follow the corn, and there is no question but that partridges are extremely useful to the farmer. They devour large quantities of pernicious seeds and they destroy nothing of value. Woodland in the past was planted with a sublime disregard of usefulness. It

would appear that the estate owner kept only two things in view in making his plantations. One was the improvement of the landscape and the other was the convenience of shooting. Now, modern forestry interferes with neither of these objects. On the contrary the forests most efficiently laid out for growing timber

will be found best also either for shooting or for appearance. The practice of making extremely large plantations has, practically speaking, gone out. Instead of that preference is given to detached areas with plenty of space between them. They impart a wooded look to the countryside and are also highly convenient for purposes of sport.

But we must not dwell so much on the future and ignore what is being done at the present moment. War has laid its paralysing finger upon Dartmoor as it has upon the rest of the world. Work has to be got through with fewer hands and fewer horses than were deemed necessary in the days of peace. Nevertheless, the very air seems astir with enterprise. When the war broke out the Duchy was busily engaged in organising its resources. What is practically a home farm has been made at Stoke Climstand. It looks as though in time it will almost rival the home farm at Sandringham, but, of course, at present the foundations only are being laid of the flocks and herds that may be expected in the course of a few years to take rank with the choicest in Great Britain. Already a fine collection of shorthorns has been got together, the pedigree and breeding of the animals being of the very best. Among them are a roan bull of the Broadhooks tribe and a very promising yearling from Collynie. A very excellent set of farm buildings has been put up. It is built to last for a long period of time, and in the arrangement of the stables, cattle-yards, cowsheds, and so on, the principle of saving labour has been most skilfully combined with that of providing

the best sanitation prescribed by modern science. At the same time, it is a very great pleasure to look over the fields and see traces of diligent, skilful and careful husbandry. Anyone can see at a glance that the work must be done with willing hands acting under the supervision of one who combines expert knowledge and experience of a very high degree. A cleaner and more wholesome looking farm place it would be impossible to find. It will also convey an impression of snugness and comfort when the grounds and surroundings have had time in which to mellow and mature.

An even more attractive scheme is being carried out at Bellever Farm. Here the idea is to transform an ancient and, an onlooker might guess, a slightly neglected holding into a model farm. Mr. Webster, who takes practical supervision of it, is an agriculturist of Scottish origin who is well advanced in modern ideas and knows exactly the aim at which the Duchy authorities are trying. A model farm belonging to the Prince of Wales ought obviously to possess certain well marked characteristics. It need not be a money-making concern, although we cannot forget that farming done at a profit will always win more disciples than that carried on at a loss. But the great object kept in view is educational, and the soil possesses that variety which makes this possible. On it are many excellently fertile fields where, at the time of our visit in the late summer, heavy crops of one kind and another were ripening. We particularly noticed that the potatoes and roots were good, and the cereals clean and heavy. How to make the most of good

land is a very great deal for a farmer to learn, but this fruitful area is surrounded by inferior land lapsing very soon into wild heath, so that whoever is responsible for operations in the future will have an opportunity of demonstrating the best manner of bringing some of these into higher farming and at the same time make the best use



BULL BOXES.

of land which may or may not be irreclaimable, but at any rate is unreclaimed. It might very well serve the purpose of providing a run for the Dartmoor pony, which is very prevalent in the district. Indeed, one finds specimens, and very good specimens too, everywhere. They were wandering down the streets of Princetown before the inhabitants had quite wakened up to business; they are seen on the roads, and they are seen on the hills. We need not here enlarge upon the great possibilities of the Dartmoor breed of pony, because it is a text upon which many excellent sermons have already been preached in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. In regard to cattle, the problem of the future will be how to improve the pastures so as to make them more fattening. Modern science has shed an enormous amount of light on what can be done in this way, and it may be taken as absolutely certain that nothing will be left undone to make, in this respect as in every other, the most out of the soil. These are proceedings that would in themselves have a most educational effect on neighbouring farmers, and they are accompanied by others very similar in character.

From what we have said it will be evident that lines are being laid down upon which a fine edifice may be reared in the not distant future. At present progress is a little hampered, as we have said, for lack of hands; but when the war ends this disability will cease. Of the millions of those who have gone to the war, we may rest assured that a very large proportion will never again care to live in towns and



work in shops and factories. The very manner in which they were prepared for the profession of arms must have driven a great many of their old ideas out. They will want an occupation in the fresh air and under the open sky. Nowhere in Great Britain can they have these in greater perfection than on these healthy uplands. If the schemes now being initiated for the treatment of the Duchy under the Prince of Wales be carried out, it is obvious that they will, in the first place, provide a vast quantity of work at a time when it may not be as plentiful as it is now, and they will also afford opportunities for settling down to those who have a feeling that they would like to live by the cultivation of the soil. It may take here many diverse forms. We venture to hope, although this is said without any

authority, that in the Duchy provision will be made for all sizes and sorts of farms, from the few acres necessary to modern poultry instalments to the hundreds of acres which will be required for a large farm, so that there will be a grade and a ladder upward that the poorest man may climb from a small holding to an important farm.

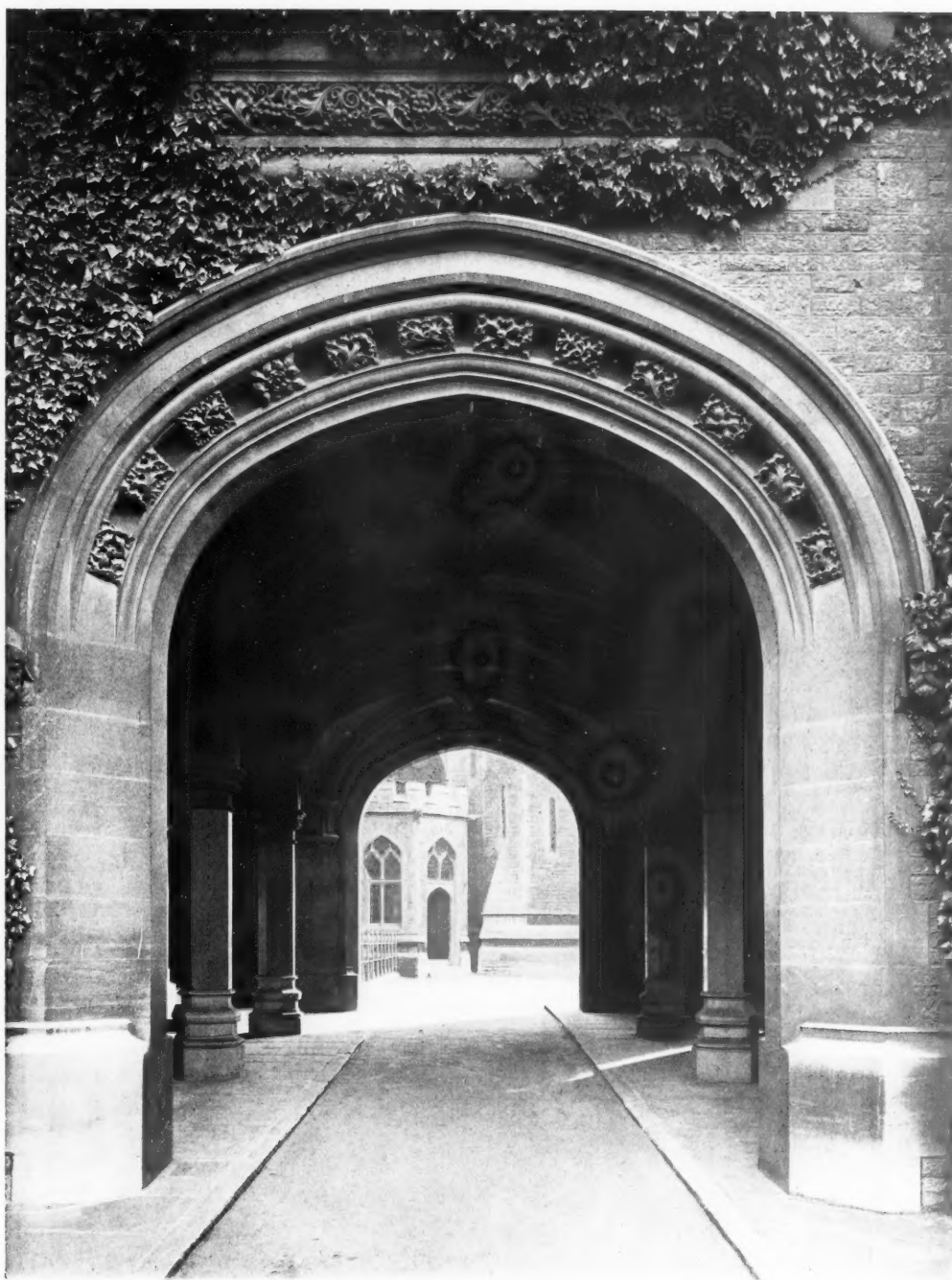
The educational value of the place promises to be unassailable. Queen Victoria, and after her Edward VII, was extremely fortunate in securing for Windsor the services of the best practical agriculturists in Great Britain, or, perhaps, in the world, and this was also true of Sandringham. But in neither place was there made that attempt to bring into immediate trial and operation the very latest discoveries. Princetown promises to lead the van in husbandry.

## ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

### IV.—CLIFTON COLLEGE.

BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

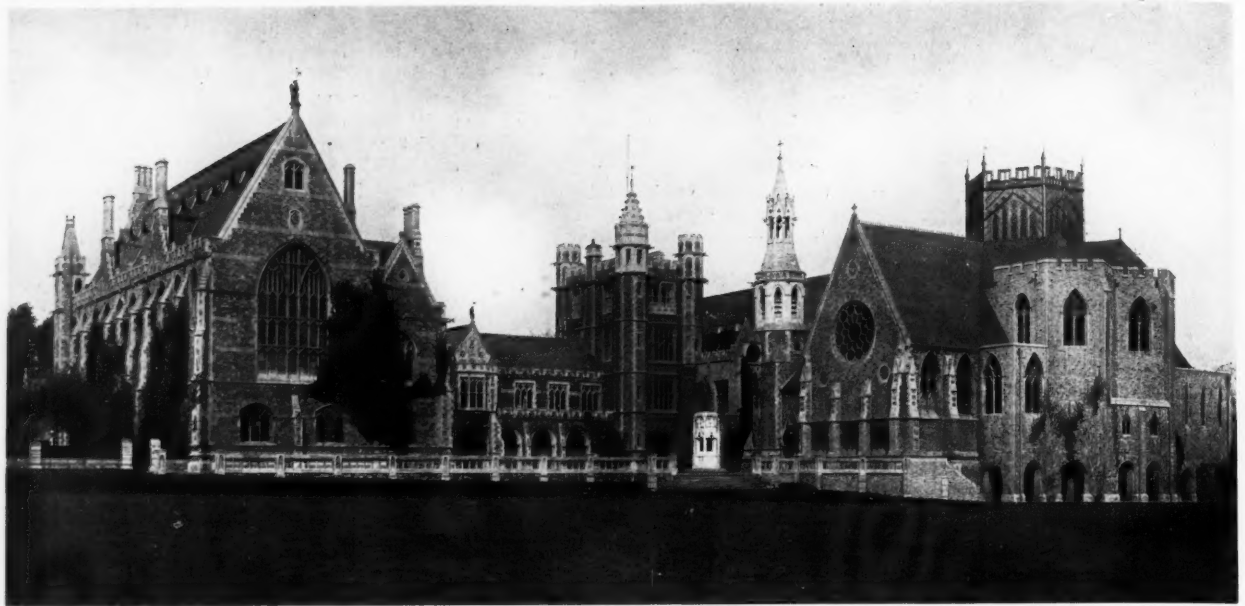
WHAT more difficult thing could be asked of any man than to give a true account of his old school? Most of us when we look back see our early landscape through a golden haze; a few through a cold rain-cloud; hardly one could produce a picture that another could not pull to pieces. My own recollection of Clifton shows me five years of vigorous but rather vague happiness, starred with half a dozen moments of intense enjoyment. When I talk with my contemporaries of those days they remind me of an infinite number of events and feelings which I had forgotten—most of them still pleasant, some staggeringly the reverse of pleasant. The general effect is not altered, but the added details are so many and so highly coloured, that I feel my own memory to be a rather faded one. Very likely the others feel the same: we all need reviving by each other. But after this comes another doubt. Even when Tom, Dick and Harry have talked till two in the morning, what is the value of their reconstruction? They have helped to rebuild each other's ruins, but have they set up the school as it is, or only as it was? They



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GATEWAY IN THE WILSON TOWER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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FROM THE CLOSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

know there have been changes—when I go back and see a new close, a new chapel, a new sixth room, and not one master of my time left, how can I speak confidently of the Clifton of to-day? Yet I do speak of it, and so do all men speak of their old school, whichever it is: no one who has really known a great school can doubt that it has an immortal spirit, an ideal form like that of Shelley's city, reflected in and for ever outlasting the ripples that flow beneath its walls.

It trembles, but it cannot pass away.

So, even after thirty or forty of those ripples have come and gone, we justify ourselves by faith and are sure we know the essential Clifton—not only the spirit of it, but the outward details of its life and the type of its inhabitants. It is still, I am certain, a place of hot summers and fast wickets, of drowsy Sundays with sheep bleating through the haze of the sermon, of long evenings on the rifle range, and desperate noonday attempts to steal a second visit to the baths. Also a place of muddy winters and twilight goals, and long jolly evenings spent in choral and orchestral practices of unflinching vigour, and in debating society meetings of still more unflinching feebleness. Man, full grown, is (in this country) a speech-making animal without much music: as boy he is exactly the reverse—he sings like a hundred angels, but his oratory is that of a frog with an impediment. Thirdly and lastly, Clifton is a land of downs and distances, of rocky gorges and gullies, of roads white with March dust, of combs and well timbered fields with a slow stream at the bottom, just wide enough for all but one of the

pack to jump it. Old Trym is no doubt low down on the list of river gods, but the names of those whom he has defeated in their youth would make a Homeric catalogue of heroes.

The heroes—when we talk of the school how quickly and inevitably we come round to them! "Boys are the school—not buildings, nor games apart from players." What a generation they were—our generation! And no doubt yours too; and the new boy's of to-day too, if he only knew it. Did we know it in our time? In a general way, yes, certainly: the tradition of the place was always clear. The school was young; her oldest sons were young—not one of them had come then to the top of his career—but no one doubted that what they were doing would be done supremely. We thought first, perhaps, of cricket and fighting or exploring: in those fields glory lies nearest for the young. In the first our champions were already triumphant—after the great years when Oxford had played four and five Cliftonians in the eleven, after the match of 1881 when Evans had at last beaten the invincible Steel, the limits of success had been reached. We passed on to the greater games and believed with the same intensity that our men would never fail to reach the first line.

We could not foresee, but I think nothing would have astonished us—not even a prediction that Tibet—the last great adventure left over from the Age of the Discoverers—would fall to Frank Young-husband, and Ruwen-zori and Papua give their secrets up to Sandy Wollaston.\* At this moment it seems to us in no way surprising that Douglas Haig should be commanding in France,



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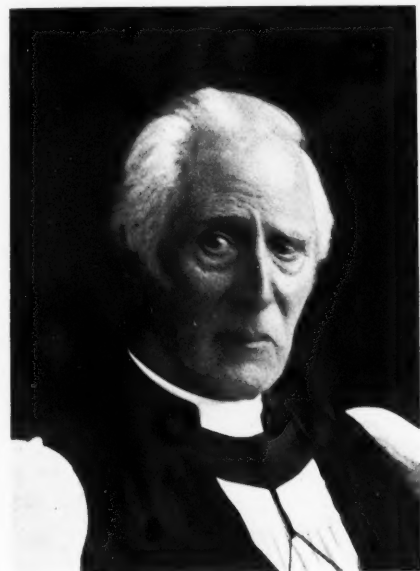
IN THE CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

George Younghusband on the Suez Canal, and Birdwood in the hottest corner of the Dardanelles. To name these is no vain glory: they are typical Cliftonians, who took their line from the beginning: and there are plenty more behind them. I do not know where the school armoury now stands, but I feel sure there are as many field-marshals'

batons in its lockers as ever there were.

I have spoken of athletes, soldiers and exploiters: I might equally well have picked out scholars, critics, astronomers, singers, lawyers, ambassadors and governors-general. The point is that they were there among us and we knew it. We believed not, perhaps, in each other so much as in the school; but in each other too, because what



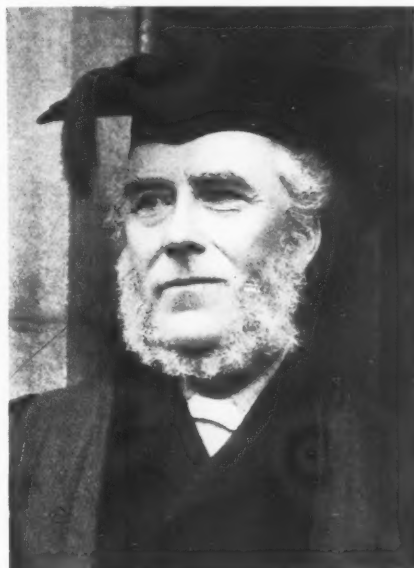
DR. PERCIVAL.

was best in such a place must some day be best elsewhere. Those who gave most would receive most, and what they received they would spend again in a greater world. If we really learnt this—and I think we did—then we learnt the secret of mutual influence, a magic of more importance than all the discoveries of science. Looking back, after thirty years, I see the public school idea, as presented to us in our youth, still untouched by the attacks of the impatient and the irrelevant. The complaint is sometimes of caste feeling, sometimes of an obsolete curriculum: the conclusion is for abolition. But the essential principle of the public school

be a secret worth telling, because otherwise John Percival would not have spent sixteen years in telling it to a critical and only half willing audience. "Our character, as members of a society or fellowship, is something different from our individual character when we are living apart or in solitude."

"Our spirit moves as it were all together, in something like a rhythmic harmony: we feel that something has been added to us, that we are not the same as before we met . . . for by merely coming together we have created a new element of life, which is reacting on every one of us. . . ." This is not in itself a religious doctrine; but it is a theory of spiritual dynamics, and its value is being proved every day before our eyes. Abroad we have vast armies of happy warriors, in which the strength of a regiment is far greater than that of a thousand men, and the strength of every man far greater than when he joined: *Spiritus intus alit*.

At home we have a nation confused and divided, some chilling each other with fears, some disabling each other with reproaches, and many refusing to defend the right because in them the individual and the national conscience have never interacted. These have not learnt at school the first principle of national life. John Percival, then, was a great patriot: he harped upon the Roman virtues.



"TOBY BROWN."



Elliott and Fry.

GEN. SIR DOUGLAS HAIG, G.C.B.



LT.-GEN. SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD.



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MAJ.-GEN. SIR G. J. YOUNGHUSBAND.

has nothing to do with caste or curriculum: it is fundamental, and having once been perceived it cannot be abolished.

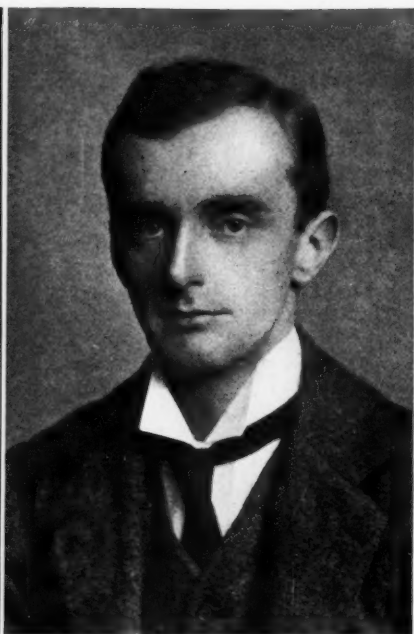
Man begins life as an egoist, and ends it—or should end it—as an individualist; but in the years between he has to live and let live, to live and make live, to take his place in a community. And here comes in the secret, which must

Admirably his colleagues backed him; but they were no mere imitations. Least like him of all was T. E. Brown, a loving and poetical soul in a rotund, resounding body—he had a sea-dog's walk, a face like the sun at noonday, and the voice of a melodious bull. I hear him still, roaring his genial exhortation from the pulpit over the long lines of divers coloured heads: "Come forth, I say, quit your dark and

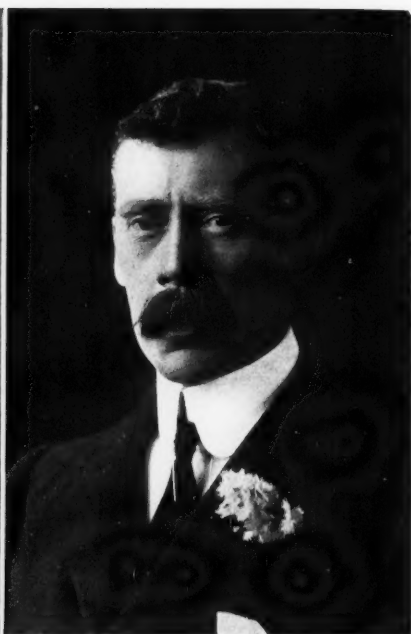




SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.



DR. A. F. R. WOLLASTON.



SIR A. QUILLER-COUCH.

solitary corner, you little moral Troglodyte. Come into the daylight's splendour, there with joy your praises tender!" There was great reality in Toby Brown: he radiated visibly with the joy or the indignation to which he summoned us. But there is no need to describe him further, for in his poems and his letters anyone who will may read the man himself. Sidney Irwin's genius was of a less popular kind, but he had at least an equal power of kindling those who came into close touch with him. His gift was for literature: he picked over all the classics as an expert picks gems, with an extraordinary skill both in matching and contrasting. In his own den he was a magician. "About the man himself there was something Pythian or Sibylline: in the half obscurity of a perpetually renewed cloud of smoke he sat with large round eyes and a faint ironic smile, as classic and as wise as Athene's owl. His speech was winged with a soft, unwearied enthusiasm, and his pauses were no less alive, for when he threw back his head and closed his eyes in the odd way he had, it was always to find an apt phrase, or to touch the words he had just read with a meaning never before perceived, never afterwards forgotten." It is good to know

that the school was worthy of him: while his youth and health went from him his influence only grew and deepened—his "Ballast" and his last book of essays will keep his memory when his pupils cannot.

These are only a part of one Cliftonian's recollections, only three out of a whole gallery of vivid personalities; and I have named in all only nine names out of a hundred that called to me. But those who knew these nine will add the rest for themselves, and those who are of other fellowships will be happier searching their own memories than listening to mine. I shall not grudge them that, nor the belief that their own great names are greater than ours. It may be so; or it may rather be, as I think it is, that among noble ghosts there is neither antiquity nor rank, but those are greatest who haunt most powerfully the generations that succeed them.

\* The name of Dr. A. F. R. Wollaston will be specially welcome to readers of *COUNTRY LIFE*, for all the first reports of his exploration of New Guinea were published in our pages, and after his return to England he became our Natural History Editor. At the present moment he is serving as a medical officer in the Grand Fleet.—EDITOR.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### PAVED WALKS AND ALPINE PLANTS.

IT is really time to take exception to the misuse of an otherwise delightful phase of informal gardening known as the paved garden. Now, paved gardens are all very well in their way, but there is a very great tendency to carry them to an absurdity by over-planting and by the use of unsuitable subjects. Stone paved walks should be made for the purpose of being walked upon, and not for that of growing plants, some of them a foot or even more in height, between every available crevice. Exception is also taken to the breaking up of paving stones into small slabs with the object of increasing the capacity of the path for growing plants. It is by no means an easy performance to pick one's way through a paved garden where small stones have been used and every available crevice has been planted. This is carrying informal gardening much too far, to say nothing of the feelings of the unfortunate person who happens to tread upon some flowering treasure from the Alps.

Certain plants, like the Creeping Sandwort (*Arenaria balearica*), *Thymus Serpyllum*, and *Mentha Requinii*, a charming little close-growing Mint from Corsica, are true carpeters and do not mind being walked over occasionally. Such plants may be employed with natural effect.

In paved Lavender walks *Campanulas* may be used where studies in shades of blue are desired. Of all the *Campanulas*, none is prettier for this purpose than *C. pusilla* Miss Willmott, with its profusion of silvery blue flowers.

It is not altogether surprising to observe that some of our native flowers are among the very best for the paved garden. *Kenilworth Ivy*, *Creeping Jenny* and *Stonecrop* are three which readily come to mind. All of them are real carpeters, spreading and seeding so freely that they require occasional thinning.

The pink-flowered *Erinus alpinus* and its white counterpart, like many another Alpine flower, look exceedingly effective if allowed to stray from a pocket in the rock garden into the pathside. Thrifts, or Sea Pinks, are inclined to be obtrusive unless kept well to the edges of the paths, but there are few plants that will thrive so well between the crevices of paving stones. Stone pathways may be made beautiful features of our gardens so long as planting is carried out in moderation and the chief object of the pathway is not forgotten.

The most suitable vegetation of all for paved gardens are Mosses, and these should be encouraged particularly along stone edgings where an atmosphere of age and restfulness is desired. Again, in forecourts and where paving stones are used around water gardens, the mossing over of the stones should be encouraged. The low-growing or prostrate plants employed in the stone-paved walks should intrude from the edges, and not be obstructions in the middle of the pathway. Let trailing plants trespass upon the walk, and so long as they are kept within bounds the effect is pleasing and natural, and the plants will not appear as though they have been purposely put there.

C. Q.

### FLOWERS THAT SLEEP.

IT is evident from the behaviour of certain plants and flowers, that, for some part of the twenty-four hours they enjoy a period of rest so closely resembling sleep that we may well assume it to be a form of that function. It is so clearly shown in some plants that it raises the question whether such a condition may not be in some degree enjoyed by vegetation in general. We all know how the common Daisy folds in its petals in the evening and how others of the great Daisy order (composites) either fold theirs in or droop them outward. But the state of sleep at night is

perhaps most clearly shown by some of the *Oxalis* family. All who are well acquainted with the little Wood-Sorrel of our woodlands (*Oxalis Acetosella*), a little native, so charming that it is welcome in our gardens, know its pretty ways when the day is done. The flowers close and nod and the trefoil leaves, that in daytime are carried nearly horizontally, droop and close downward, each leaflet partly folded and with its back pressed against that of its fellow. The whole attitude, as is



OXALIS FLORIBUNDA (AWAKE).

well shown in the illustration of *Oxalis floribunda*, is one of absolute rest and relaxation in the case of the sleeping plant, in striking contrast to the lively alertness of the daylight mood.

There would seem to be as many plants that have the reverse habit—that sleep in daytime and are wakeful at night. Foremost among these is the Night-Scented Stock. It is never a showy plant; in daylight its appearance is so dull and limp and lifeless that, if its great merit were unknown one would wonder why such a poor thing had a place in the garden. But as the light fails the whole plant revives, the little flowers become quite pretty, the leaves stiffen up, the whole plant



Reginald A. Malby.

OXALIS FLORIBUNDA (ASLEEP).

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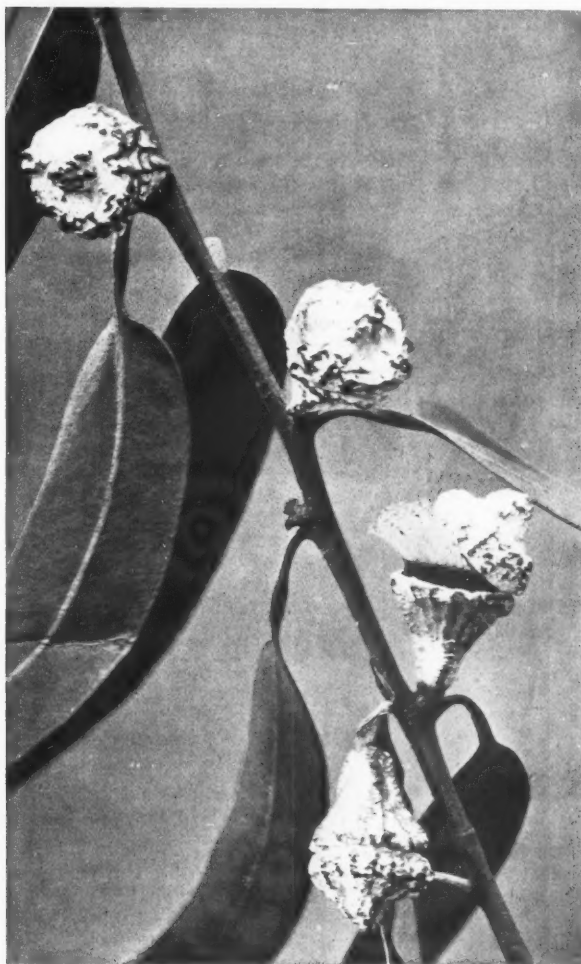
comes to life and the delicious scent, freely given off, makes it a joy to be passing near. Others of the same family have a like property of giving off their sweetest scent in the evening—all the garden Stocks and the Rockets. These do not show any distinct distress in daytime, though the Rockets are glad of a slightly shaded place. Wallflowers, also near relatives, give off their scent and are happy in full sunshine.

The White Tobacco (*Nicotiana affinis*) is another night-scented plant. The smell is delicious as given off in the evening when the flower is fully open, but if it is searched for by close smelling of the bloom in daytime, it is disappointing; the sweet evening scent is not to be had; there is only a quite different smell of a heavy, rank quality that comes from the leaf and stem. It is worth noting that the Tobacco can be deceived into thinking it is always night. If the open flowers are cut in the evening and brought indoors for a room bouquet, it lasts for several days without closing. The tall (*Oenothera* (*O. Lamarckiana*)) and the good Mullein *Verbascum phlomoides* are both only fully expanded in the evening after a bright day; though they open fairly wide in cloudy weather. Yuccas are also night plants, for though their great spikes are grand objects in daytime they should be seen by moonlight, when every bloom, that in daylight hours droops and is slightly closed, stands out and is held more widely open. G. JEKYLL.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### THE FLOWERING OF THE BLUE GUM TREE.

SIR,—It is not usual for the Blue Gum Tree (*Eucalyptus globulus*) to flower in this country, although it does happen occasionally. The flowers



THE FLOWER OF THE BLUE GUM.

are very curious, and quite unlike those of any other plant. The calyx takes the form of a perfectly tight-fitting cap situated on the top of the flower-bud. As the flower develops the cap is pushed off in one piece, and the yellow anthers previously closely packed within the cap are left exposed to the wind and to the visitations of insects. In the midst of countless anthers is a bright green stigma and the ovary at its base. The flowering is accompanied by a change in the forms of the leaves. The mature branches carry sickle-shaped and alternate leaves, while in the juvenile form the leaves are round, opposite and glaucous. *Eucalyptus globulus* is one of the most characteristic trees of Australia, where it makes rapid growth and sometimes exceeds 300ft. in height. It yields the valuable oil of eucalyptus, and its leaves, smoked in the form of cigars, are recommended for asthma. It is remarkable that this tree of gigantic proportions should have very small, almost minute seeds.—C. Q.



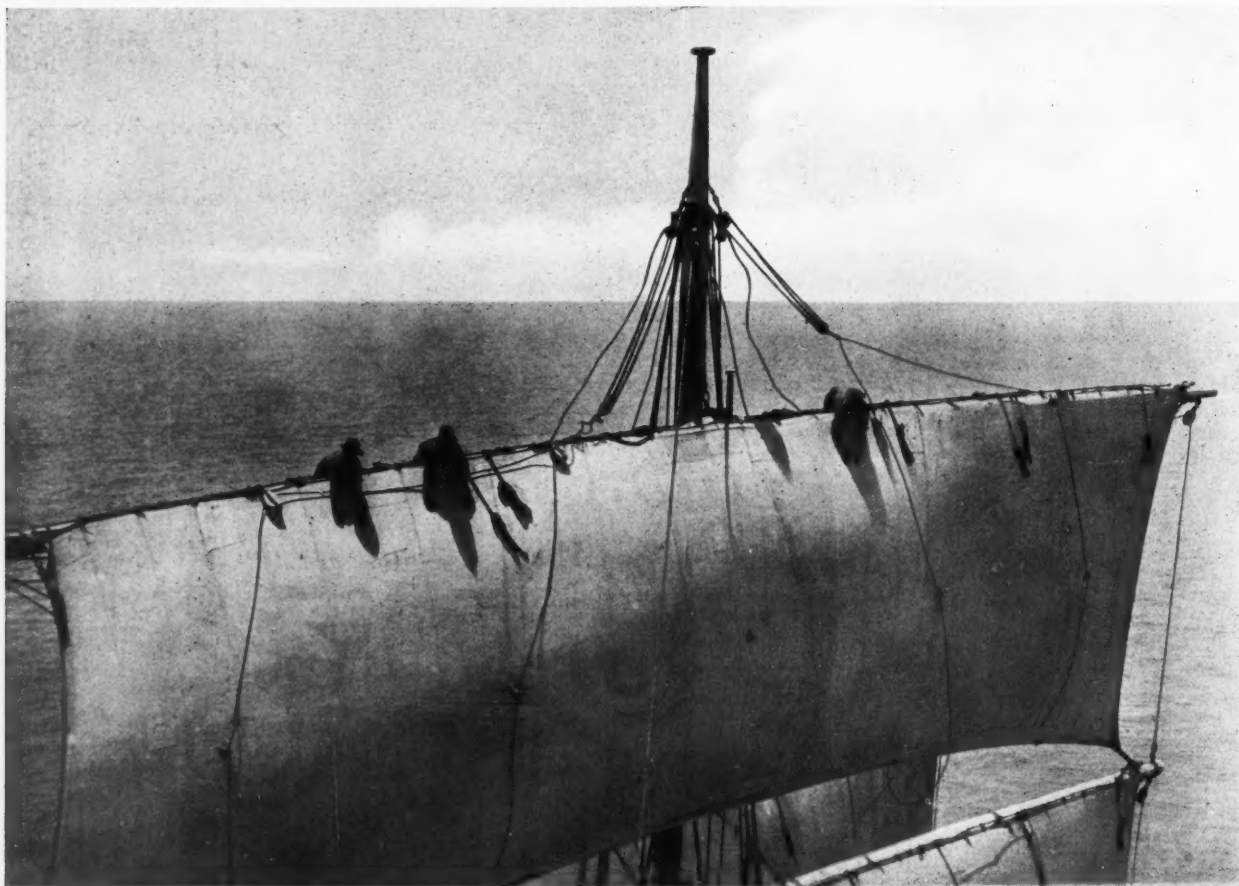
## WINDJAMMERS.

**A**FTER long years of absence from deep water the square-rigged sailing ship is at large again, putting out to sea and setting her vantage of free wind power against the thews of a stokehold gang and the ever soaring price of steamer fuel. We had thought the blue seas would know them no more; we talked of the men who manned and sailed them as of a race almost extinct—a stout line of seafarers who had gone to beach and market when the engineer came to sea: those of us whose fortune it had been to serve awhile under square sail held by our sea yarns as of days beyond recall. And now again the old windjammers are come out on the open sea, their sheeting stems lift through blue water, the harbour dust of years of idleness is blown from yard and parrel; the shapely hulls feel once more the cant of freshening winds—the lap and wash of quiet seas—the wind-blown thrash of clear salt water on their bows as they stand gallantly to wind'ard.

How the broad sails must vaunt their freedom to the passing winds now that they are haled from the thraldom

royals and topgallant sails, sprawling wide-legged on the footropes (as once I used to do), and finding time to wave their caps as the ferryboats went by. She looked odd to me with her mizzenmast stripped to a barque's rig; I knew her when she carried a large spread and made good passages. Now she is stunted down and hails from Christiansand in Norway and has her name and flag painted large on her broadside—that weak concession to Teuton infamy.

No later than yesterday I saw a British full-rigged ship squaring away round the Old Head of Kinsale and standing in for Queenstown Harbour. The wind was blowing up for a stiff sou'west gale and the land about was shrouded in mist and rain, but the ship had made a good landfall and she had a fine thrash of white foam under her forefoot as she bore off for the lightship, reeling off a good eleven knots in her haste to make port before the gale blew on. As she swept by I saw the captain on the poop stamping fore and aft in his hard weather sea clothes. He would be in fine humour, with his port before him and the wind astern. Certainly he had an eye for us, but he had keener



J. B. Town.

ON THE MAIN TOP-GALLANT YARD.

Copyright.

of gasket and stop and the gloom of a dingy sail locker to be set finely in their harness, to stand to the wind and curve and stiffen and draw the old load again! How block and tackle and pennant and shroud and the backstays and all the wonderful gear must sing and strain in their tension when they feel anew the moment of a passing squall! Alas! Too often must the stress prove their weakness and point the days ill spent in harbour with foul black smoke blowing over to stiffen and corrode their once pliant strands!

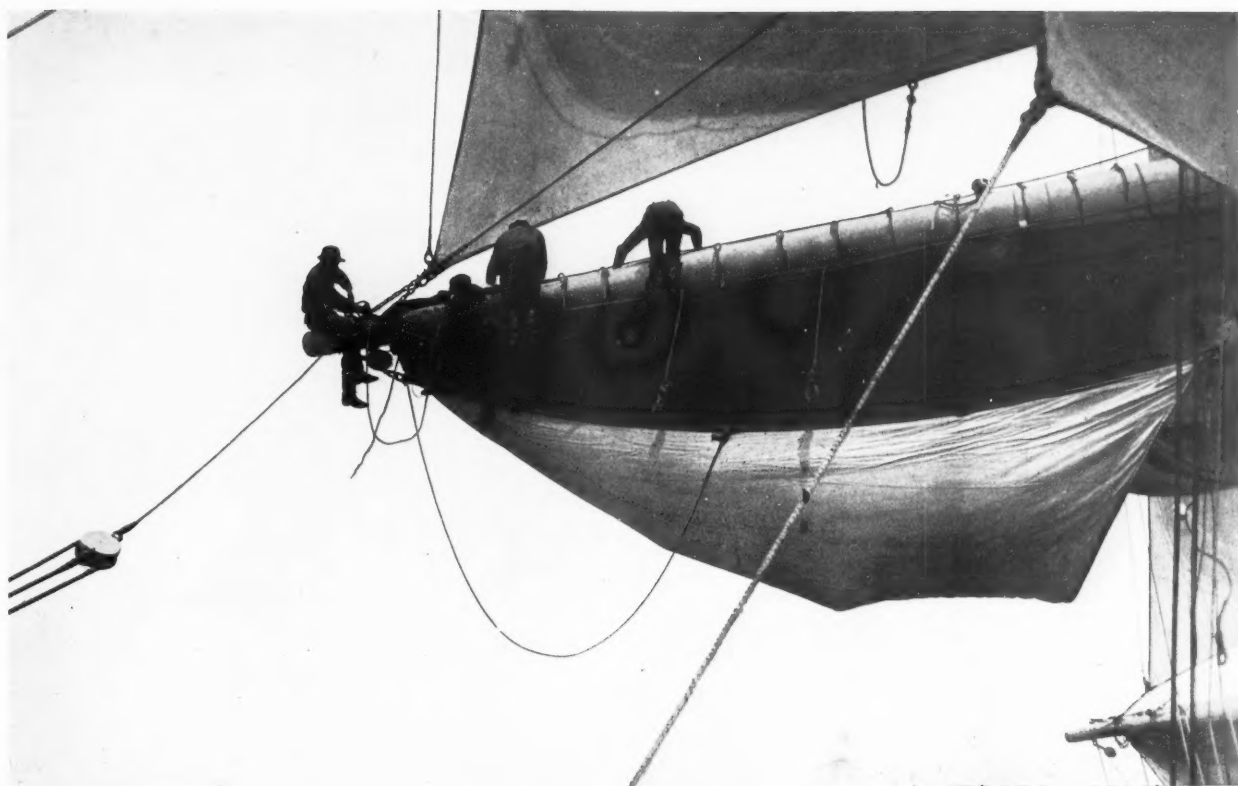
It is good to see them again, even if strange flags fly at their mastheads and their once goodly sail plan is reduced to what canvas the weak crews of the day can handle. Some are old friends that I had thought lost in the fifteen years or more that has been given to whirling smoke wrack and the thud of racing screws; old friends that I had spoken on the sea, at line crossing or in the "trades" together, or lay at anchor with, in foreign ports.

I saw the Gantock Rock in the Mersey river. She was loaded and ready for sea and waiting a northerly wind to make a clear run out of Channel. Her hands were bending

regard for the standing sail above him—the bleached storm-worn canvas, rounded finely at leach and foot to the wind-press that was bearing him on. And what a Queenstown will he make when his iron goes down and the hands lay aloft with a shout to furl sail? It will not be the Queenstown Harbour as once I knew it, with Irish Mary beating out in her stout bumboat—always the first to board and welcome us—and Michael Devine there to take your measure for the finest pair of sea-boots that ever stood you warm and dryshod in the bitter night watches of a midwinter passage round the Horn. And the tailors—the blarney of them—cracking us up for what fine sailormen we must be to make so smart a passage (or loudly denouncing the fates for our bad luck of the winds if we were over the hundred and ten days from 'Frisco!).

The whole crowd of them—and the news and talk and the fine homeward-bound way that business was done—and the lame boy who climbed a slip-rope in his haste to get aboard, and sold me a pot of shamrock that wilted before we made the Tuskar! The whole longshore crowd of them!





J. B. Town.

ON THE MAIN YARD-ARM.

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They will be scattered now ; their business gone down when no longer homeward-bounders came in for orders. The towsy gossoons who used to come off to help us weigh anchor will be grown men and be about their trades. I wonder if they ever cast a thought to the days when a west wind would draw them to the beach to watch for square sail on the sea line. Have they forgotten the chanties we taught them to sing (the fine Cork brogue they had) ? Of one thing I am sure ; when all other senses fail, they will still be able to recall the fine smell of warm tar that the homeward bounders brought in from the sea.

That was the homecoming. Outgoing. Queenstown never saw us, for, with a west wind, we would be standing out to the south'ard, and all hands as surly as could be, and the ground tackle all adrift, and lubberly jobs of the longshore riggers to be gone over and made safe. There would be no smell of new tar then, the ship would still reek of a grimy coal port. There would be no welcome aboard for Mike Devine or Irish Mary and her rotten old bumboat. We would be outward bound with naught but hard times in front of us. I saw the Sokoto making her easting in mid-Atlantic. She had a fine nor'west breeze, and carried all canvas on her four masts. A gallant sight

she made, lifting gracefully in the long swell and making fair speed. I remember her as a new venture, one of the first four-masted square-riggers. How we jested, in a heavy deep-sea fashion, of her rig and build. "She was a 'four poster,' one of Russell's tanks, built by the mile and cut off as required ; she would be a 'half-tide' rock, all awash in anything but a flat calm ; no proper sailorman would sign in a floating warehouse like her," we said. I think even we fought her apprentices because they stated, publicly and before all men, that theirs was a fine ship, that she sailed better and carried more cargo than any old three-masted "tub" in the Bay. That was at San Francisco when she came out on one of her early voyages. And now, after the years, I see her sailing again, the bluff bows of her, that we sneered at, sheering bravely through the North Atlantic swell and the old Sokoto bringing home her burthen despite

the menace of mines and "square-head" submarines.

Truly, the windjammer is having her day again : but she must be sadly hampered by changed conditions at sea, by the lapse of trades and helpers, by stint of gear and tackle. The longshore riggers would be the first to go when sail to Lend and unbend, yards to cross and furnish, masting and rattling down, went out of their day's work.



J. B. Town.

AT THE END OF THE JIB-BOOM.

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*J. B. Town.*

A BIG SEA ROLLING PAST WITHOUT BREAKING ABOARD.

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HANGING ON TO THE LIFE LINE.

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WAVES LIKE GRASPING HANDS.

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*J. B. Town.*

THE NEVER SURFEITED SEA.

*Copyright.*



I wonder how many master riggers there are left at the ports who could tender, honestly, a contract to rig and fit a ship. There would be the masts to step and stay, and bowsprit and boom to ship; the rigging and standing gear to cut and splice; the yards to sling and cross; the running gear to reeve and fit. And after that the sails to sway aloft and bind to the jackstays with stout rovins—not always with stout rovins, though, for rebending sail and heaving up the head earrings was always the first Channel job when we stood out to sea. The riggers will be gone to shore jobs, like painting flagstuffs or hoisting safes through office windows. Now it would be difficult for a master rigger to get his men together.

Then the "block, pump and spar maker" will have changed his way of trade in the years that have gone since last he took orders for tack and sheet, and clew and shoe, and jewel and all the tale of shell and sheave that went to furnish a square-rigger. Likely he will have trimmed his lathes to turn bobbins or cheese presses; his workmen will have forgotten the fine art of fairing and tapering a topgallant spar.

Right-sewn sails will be hard to get. Macallisons' loft (if yet it stands in dingy Govan Road) must be astir with clacking machines, "riveting" the cloths together, and turning out awnings and window shades and filter cloths. Gone will be the long benches and the sailmakers in a row stitching away, seam by seam, at a famous lower topsail, and turning the cloths down under their tarry trousers, ninety stitches to the foot and never an end to show! There will be a smell of gas engines and oily waste where I remember

was the fine odour of steaming tar from the vat in the corner, and 'prentice boys screwing out the skeins of sewing and roping twines and setting them, cut and ready, for the busy men at the benches.

There was ever a fine deep sea atmosphere about Macallisons' in the days when they planned and sewed and fitted square sail. Most of the journeymen had served awhile in the ships, and the talk of the loft was seamanlike. One order would be, "All hands along here an' stretch out th' heid o' Cedarbank's fore course," or, "Man, Wully! That's an awfu' like cringle y'er pitten i' th' leach o' Dusty Miller's main togans'l."

Now they will have women at the machines. After all, the chat of their lads and Sunday bonnets will be well enough to go with the clatter of the tools and rumble of belting. With good gear or bad, well served or ill, the windjammers are out. For how long only the grisly war gods know. Theirs is the bugle blast that has drawn the old-time square-riggers from their rusting moorings in quiet harbours and set them out on their ventures. When the flame of war dies again, the old ships may return to idle quarters, to lie and rust at moorings or serve as hulks or storeships. But they will have had a stirring finish, a famous ending, to the tale of their days at sea.

Some may have the fortune to end their voyagings bringing in needed cargoes to the quayside; others may find their fate in an act of war and go down gloriously, as lately did the Fiery Cross, taking her end with all sail set and her flag a-peak.

D. W. B.

## THE ROYAL SCOTS.

BY SIR GEORGE ARTHUR, BART., M.V.O.

*Author of "The Story of the Household Cavalry."*

**The Story of the Royal Scots**, by Lawrence Weaver, F.S.A.; with a Preface by the Earl of Rosebery, K.G., K.T. COUNTRY LIFE Series of Military Histories. (7s. 6d. net.)

NOT so very long ago regimental histories were commonly regarded with slender interest outside the immediate circle of the particular regiments whose life story they purported to relate. Even within that circle they appealed chiefly to students of the dry technicalities of the science of war. These "drum-and-trumpet" histories were hardly calculated to attract the ordinary reader. They took little account of the fact that the rôle played by a fighting unit in the field forms no more than a single episode in a large drama—constitutes only one factor out of the many which contribute to the total result. To isolate that factor, to strip it of its environment, to take it out of its right relation with the other forces which have helped to produce the combined effect, is really to distort the whole picture.

Happily, in recent times there has been a marked change for the better in this class of military literature. There is a distinct and insistent demand for something more satisfying than the old-fashioned histories, with their conventional unrealities and indiscriminate eulogies—a demand

rooted in the broader and deeper interest now taken in soldiering. In the Army itself, widened in its outlook by the multiplication of regimental battalions, impelled by a new professional keenness, and inspired by a more intelligent appreciation of its traditions—in an ever extending section of the general public closely attentive to everything bearing on our soldiers and their doings—there has arisen a clamant need for regimental annals of an improved type.

It has, in fact, come to be realised that, as a distinguished writer has said, "regimental history, properly understood, is not a mere catalogue of dry facts"; it is something more than a bald enumeration of regimental campaigns—of individual commissions and honours. The doings of a regiment need for their rightful appreciation to be depicted with their proper background—their surroundings, their "atmosphere," their antecedents and consequents. Nor is this aim achieved in its fulness by some portly volume, or volumes, of official regimental records. A publication of this character is an invaluable asset to the serious student of military annals. But there is room for another kind of regimental history—something less dry-as-dust, less stodgy, more human in its significance, more popular in its appeal.

To Mr. Lawrence Weaver belongs the credit



LORD GEORGE DOUGLAS, EARL OF DUMBARTON.

*Fifth Colonel of the Royal Scots, 1653-1688.*

of perceiving both the need to be met and the best way of meeting it. He has planned a series of regimental histories which, entrusted as they are to more than competent hands, promise to fill a place all their own. More than this, Mr. Weaver is singularly happy in his choice of The Royal Scots as the subject for his own pen in the first of these volumes. There is no unit in the British Army which is more worthy of this honourable precedence, none which more thoroughly represents its spirit, none which has seen more, or even so much, service as the splendid Lothian Regiment. From the beginnings of that permanent military establishment for which we have to bless the memory of King Charles II and his brother James, down to this very moment, The Royal Scots have hardly missed a campaign or been absent from a first-class fight. In early days, Tangier and Sedgemoor; under William or Marlborough in Flanders—Steenkirk, Landen, Namur, Schellenberg, Blenheim, a second and avenging Landen, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet; then Fontenoy; in another hemisphere, Louisburg, Cuba, Newfoundland, Brimstone



A PRIVATE IN THE ROYALS, 1742.

(Reproduced from the coloured frontispiece.)

Hill, St. Christopher, St. Domingo, Demerara, Berbice and St. Lucia; in the Mediterranean, Toulon, Corsica, Elba, Egypt, Aboukir Bay; under Wellington—Corunna, Busaco, Fuentes d'Onor, Salamanca, Vittoria, San Sebastian, Quatre-Bras, Waterloo; forty years of less known but arduous fighting in India; in the Crimea—Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol; in China; in South Africa; and now, greatest and most glorious of all, in Flanders and France, at Mons, Le Cateau, Cambrai, Orly-sur-Marne, Vailly, the Aisne, La Bassée, Croix Barbée, Petit Bois, Ypres and Givenchy; and in the Dardanelles—what a list it is! Merely to pronounce the names is to recall the most brilliant feats of British arms and the most striking instances of British valour and endurance during two centuries and a half.

It was a wonderful record, even before the Great War which now obsesses our whole national being, and Mr. Weaver has discharged his task of interpreting it to us in a manner that merits our warmest acknowledgments and should ensure for his book a great and lasting popularity. Such a work must needs be the resultant, more or less, of a compromise between too much detail and too bare an outline.



THE REGIMENTAL MARCH: "DUMBARTON'S DRUMS."

Probably the tune mentioned by Pepys as "The Scots' March."

This book hits, as nearly as may be, the golden mean between the two. The continuity of the history is well maintained. Military events are invested with as much of their political setting as will fairly elucidate their meaning. The style is luminous, spirited and readable. The author avoids the pitfall of florid rhetoric, though not unmoved to natural praise of the regiment of whose good name and fame he is justly jealous.

Yet, after all, it is to the concluding chapters of this volume that we shall all turn, eagerly and anxiously, even to the momentary neglect of all that has gone before. As the Great War in which we are now engaged reduces all former wars to relative insignificance, so the deeds of The Royal Scots from the August of 1914 onwards surpass in an almost infinite degree their former achievements. Doubtless, the animating spirit is the same throughout. It is the

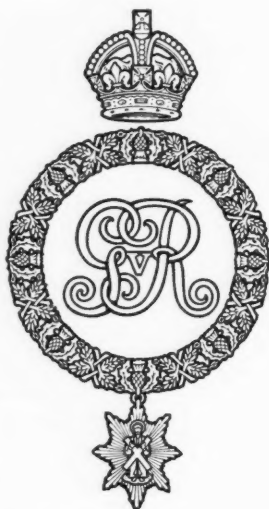


COLOURS OF THE FIRST BATTALION.

The King's Colour above, the Regimental Colour below.

*esprit de corps* fostered on many an ancient battlefield that is helping to-day to pull "The Royals" through the gravest dangers and difficulties. The most striking contrast between the old and the new is one of scale. What would The Royal Scots of the two-battalion days have said if they could have foreseen their regiment's expansion into eighteen or nineteen battalions—the present number? The growth is significant of the growth of the whole Army to a strength, and of its carrying on operations on a scale, hitherto undreamt of. It was a happy thought to print in facsimile the ten eloquent pages of the "Army List" containing a list of officers serving in the regiment at the beginning of the second year of the Great War.

Extraordinary interest attaches to the nineteenth and twentieth chapters. The former recounts, so far as the slender materials available have permitted, the experiences and exploits of the 2nd Battalion, which from the beginning of the operations in Flanders was incorporated in the 8th Brigade; and next of the 1st Battalion, which arrived in France from India just before Christmas, 1914. In this chapter are included the heroic stories of two battalions of Territorials, namely, the 8th—the first Territorial battalion of a Scottish regiment to go to the front—and the 9th, which was



BADGE OF THE ROYAL  
SCOTS.

down to the period of the Great War. Lord Rosebery well suggests in his preface that there will need to be another volume added to this one when the war is over.

brigaded with the 1st. There are also added the few but highly creditable particulars at present known of the conduct of the 11th, 12th and 13th Service Battalions, all of which are in Flanders.

In compiling his final chapter, where the scene is laid in the Dardanelles, the writer has had the good fortune to obtain access to more ample materials for describing the unsurpassed gallantry of the 5th Battalion of Edinburgh Territorials, and of two other Territorial battalions—the 4th and the 7th. The deathless exploits of the "Fighting Fifth"—men who are not professional soldiers, but drawn from civilian pursuits—and of its sister units are among the most blood-stirring episodes related in the whole book.

The volume is provided with two good maps, a number of useful plans, and other illustrations, including numerous portraits. There could be no handsomer or more acceptable gift-book at the present time, for it enjoys the unique distinction which belongs to the first attempt to bring the history of any British regiment

## PEACE IN WAR-TIME.

A Little Book of Quiet, by Dorothy Frances Gurney.  
(COUNTRY LIFE.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD defined one of the functions of poetry as being to sustain and console. This aim is the inspiration of this book. It is mostly intended for those who are in any ways afflicted or distressed by anxieties and bereavement. The origin of a troubled mind may be two-fold. It may spring from the remorse of a bad conscience or from pity, unappeased sorrow, or the severance of affection. Fortunately, the former may be left out of account in this war. The soldier enjoys peace of mind when he knows he is honestly fighting for a just cause. And never were armies more strongly fortified in this way than those of the Allies. If they die, they have the satisfaction of knowing that their life-blood has been shed to repel the aggression of a crafty foe who is now endeavouring to seize their homes and who fights as savages do against whole populations, slaying indiscriminately the young and the old, defiling the innocent and mutilating the strong. These indignities rouse the soldier's ire, but they enable him to fight in peace of mind.

But the mightier the struggle the more must there be of those who are compelled to look on in fear and trembling, not solicitous about their own safety, but for the loved ones whom they have bravely encouraged. The consolations set out by Mrs. Gurney are those of the Christian. In her first page she touches the note of a noble mental peace that flows out of grief itself:

Now are they come into the place of quiet,  
Into the heart of silence where God is;  
Far, far away from all the mortal riot,  
Safe in the home of lovely sanctities.

And there they rest, who fought with no surrender,  
Lapped in a peace like water, cool and bright,  
Till God shall armour them again in splendour  
To battle with the spirits of the night.

My soul, forestall awhile the ultimate fiat,  
A moment doff the body's hindrances  
And come thou too into the place of quiet  
Into the heart of silence, where God is!

It is in the spirit of George Herbert or rather what we can imagine he might have been in these awful times. The poem called "The Shelter" might have been a dream in some calm eddy of the boiling waters. For the moment a tear-stained face is suffused with a tender smile:

If I had land and a house or farm  
This would be my plan,  
I would build a barn, small, snug and warm,  
For the poor wayfaring man.

Not too far from the road, nor near,  
But where trees a shelter make;  
And over the door, "Take rest and cheer  
Within for Jesu's sake."

When you passed through the door inside  
All should be bright and clean,  
With a casement window open wide  
On to the meadows green.

And in the corner a bed of hay,  
Scented and fresh and deep,  
Where a weary man his limbs may lay—  
No sweeter bed for sleep!

A great armchair and a pan of delf  
With water for dusty feet,  
God's Book and men's books in a little shelf  
And wholesome food to eat.

Bread and meat on an oaken board  
A jug of milk and a bowl;  
Above it a cross with Christ the Lord  
Who died for this sinful soul.

So a man might turn from the dusty way  
And rest and take his ease,  
And pass again with the dawning day  
Free as the morning breeze.

If ever I have a bit of the sod  
This shall be my plan,  
To make a shelter for love of God  
And the poor wayfaring man.

When the war is dealt with directly, as it is in many of the pieces, Mrs. Gurney writes as we hope every Englishwoman feels. Take her fine sonnet "War" as an example:

O Thou Who dost above the heavens sit,  
From Whom go forth the armies of the sky,  
Michael and all his angels gloriously,  
Each in his splendid rank and order fit;  
We are Thy children, weak and poor of wit,  
And Thou, O Lord of Hosts, art all our cry,  
If in Thy Hand the red gift War must lie,  
Grant that Thy fortitude may go with it!  
Long have we worshipped gods of dust and death,  
But Thou, magnanimous beyond our ken,  
Tak'st now vain vengeance on the sons of men,  
Made in Thine Image, moving in Thy Breath,  
And if we find Thee once again, how good  
The Prize and worth our tale of tears and blood!

The soldier's consolation has never been set forth more tenderly than in the "In memoriam the Cadets of the 'Cressy,' the 'Hogue' and the 'Aboukir.'"

The book is one that soldiers who have been brought near to the great mysteries in the trenches will be glad to carry about and, unless we are much mistaken, it will become a treasure of the bedside shelf for those who remain at home.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## A POEM FOR THE PRESENT TIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—About forty years ago I read a poem in an Australian paper, the *Australasian*, which applies with striking force to many incidents of the present war struggle. Unfortunately, I can remember only a few fragments, but possibly these may be sufficient to enable you or some of your readers to recall the poem, which would be well worth printing in full. It ends:

"The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

The words "Bissing or Cavell" might well be interpolated in the last line.—ALEXANDER FRANCIS.

[The poem "Io Victis" was by that clever American sculptor, Mr. W. W. Story, whose versatile genius produced several volumes of poetry, as well as legal treatises and chatty descriptions of Rome and Italy. The poem, of which I r. Franc s gives a fragment, is well worth reprinting, and we give it below:

## "IO VICTIS.

"I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life—  
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;  
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim  
Of Nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,  
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,  
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part;  
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes  
away,  
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at  
the dying of day  
With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone,  
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but their faith over-  
thrown.  
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus,—its paean for those who  
have won;  
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and  
the sun  
Glad banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet  
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the field of defeat  
In the shadow, with those who are fallen, and wounded, and dying, and  
there  
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe  
a prayer,  
Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, 'They only the victory win  
Who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that  
tempts us within;  
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds  
on high;  
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight,—if need be, to die.  
Speak, History! who are Life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, and say,  
Are they those whom the world called the victors—who won the success  
of a day?  
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

The last two lines might appropriately to the time read:  
Miss Cavell, or Bissing? The Spartans who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,  
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?  
—ED.]

## GREATNESS IN POETS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent, "C. M.," has, I think, either not read what I myself wrote about Mr. Yeats, or, if he has, he has mistaken my meaning. What I say is, that if we judge of poetry by the intensity of its personal vision, by its music, and that unanalysable yet recognisable quality in it which we call lyrical rapture or ecstasy, and then, if we admit that Shelley, Keats, Coleridge and Rossetti are great poets because they possess these qualities, we must grant that Mr. Yeats is a great poet also. They are to me the qualities that are essential to great poetry, therefore they constitute the criterion upon which my opinions are based. This "association of names" would not have been made, had it not been that Mr. Yeats is so frequently classed among "minor poets," and I am still at a loss to understand why one sentence in a book of 252 pages, quoted invariably without its context, should have been picked out by almost every critic as if it were the main thing that book contained.—FORREST REID.

## RE STATE-OWNED STUDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We must all admire Colonel Hall-Walker's generous offer of the Tully Stud to the Government—a splendid gift, indeed. None the less, I cannot help thinking that it is a very open question whether State-owned studs are advisable in this country. Excellent results have, I am aware, been arrived at by State-owned studs in France, Germany and Austro-Hungary, but the good they have done was owing to the fact that they were the means of supplying sound, well bred stallions serving at very moderate fees, thus enabling the smallest of breeders to send a mare to a useful sire. But there are in this country any number of such sires available; in fact what with premium sires and sires of the class I have just mentioned, cheap stallions are available practically speaking everywhere. If this be so, then the provision of suitable stallions, standing at moderate fees, by means of a State-owned stud would seem to be unnecessary. It seems, too—to me—that if That before long comprehensive measures will have to be taken to increase

and encourage the general light horse breeding industry of the country is all too probable, and if I may venture a suggestion, the most practical means appears to be, not State coddling and intervention, but the purchase by the State of half bred *three year olds*, suitable for military purposes, at prices which would leave a fair margin of profit to the breeder. What the average breeder of this type of horse wants is to turn his money over—i.e., get his stock off his hands before it begins to eat up profit. The paying of a fair price for three year olds would not only go far in this direction, but it would serve to keep for home use thousands of horses which were or will be again snapped up by foreign buyers of remounts. What I have ventured to write is, after all, merely my own opinion, and I may be quite wrong in thinking that State-owned studs are both unnecessary and inadvisable.—REGENT.

## A .303 CORDITE EXPRESS RIFLE WANTED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

"SIR,—If you hear of a patriot with a telescopic rifle or heavy sporting rifle that he can spare for the front, I will guarantee it will be well used and looked after."—C.

[The above is an extract from a letter received from the front from an officer well known to us—an officer who has done splendid work in the war, a good sportsman and a fine shot. Any reader having a first-class sporting rifle that he can spare will know it is in good hands if sent on to us for forwarding. We understand what is wanted is a .303 cordite Express or a heavy game cordite rifle. It is essential that it should take cordite.—ED.]

## WYKEHAMISTS AT THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—All the great Public Schools of England can show a splendid record of war service. There is no exception, and no one cares to ask which stands highest on such a roll. The figures of many have already been published. Here are those of Winchester. Out of 549 Old Wykehamists who have left Winchester during the last six years, 531 are serving—or served till they fell—in His Majesty's Forces. That gives a percentage of 96.7. After that, it is not surprising to learn that not a single Wykehamist entered Oxford this term at the beginning of the academical year. That must be a record in the five century old connection between Winchester and Oxford.—J.

## BARLEY AND BLINDNESS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An enquiry in "Notes and Queries" concerning the alleged danger of blindness from the consumption of a certain species of barley (the subject of a recent letter of mine in *COUNTRY LIFE*) has brought me interesting replies.

An esteemed French correspondent writes: "Dans le texte auquel fait allusion l'auteur, il s'agit sans doute des troubles de la vue provoqués par l'ergotisme. Le seigle, qui en est la cause ordinaire, est inconnu, je pense, en Palestine, mais l'orge et les autres céréales le transmettent également. Cette explication est confirmée par l'indication complémentaire du texte hébraïque, celle de troubles dans la circulation du sang, car le premier effet de l'ergotisme est d'agir sur la tunique musculaire des artères. Les prescriptions des rabbins auraient ainsi garanti leur peuple de l'une des maladies diététiques les plus redoutables du Moyen-Age, de celle qui, sous le nom de 'feu Saint Antoine,' a ravagé la Chrétienté à cette époque, autant et plus que la lèpre elle-même. Peut-on ajouter aussi que ce mal mystérieux s'expliquait alors, comme les autres épidémies, par l'empoisonnement des sources et des fontaines et que les Juifs, généralement indemnes grâce à l'hygiène particulière que leur conseillaient leurs traditions et que leur permettait leur richesse, étaient tout désignés pour être considérés comme les auteurs probables du méfait, et traités comme tels."

Another correspondent says: "There was a somewhat similar belief among the Romans. Pliny tells us (*Nat. Hist. XVIII. 7. (14) 74*) that at one time barley had been used for making bread, but was rejected as being unsuitable. In his days it was chiefly used for feeding horses. The Romans, it would seem, believed that barley actually degenerated into darnel and wild oats (see Conington's note on Virgil, *Eclogue V 37*), and darnel was supposed to affect the eyesight. A character in Plautus' 'Miles Gloriosus,' to show his disbelief in the evidence of his fellow-slave's eyes, remarks, sarcastically, 'I am surprised to find that you live on darnel when wheat is so cheap' (*l. 321*). Ovid, 'Fasti I, 691,' speaks of darnel that injures the eyes (*loliis oculos vitiantibus*). Conington in his note (see above) refers to 'the pernicious properties of darnel, which affects the head when ground into flour,' but it does not appear whether this is based on any modern experience."—J. LANDFEAR LUCAS.

## TO CURE SMALL SKINS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Replying to Ethel Walsley's enquiry as to the curing of small skins for soldiers' waistcoats, these should always be tanned by vegetable tanning materials, because if salt and alum are used the salt draws moisture to itself when the garment is not in use and so makes it unsafe to wear, and if all the salt is washed out the skin is hard, the softness depending upon the amount of moisture held in the skin by the salt. Skins should be tanned in a weak infusion of ground sunach leaves, got from a drysalter, and made by pouring a gallon of boiling water on to one or two pounds of the ground

leaves; allow to become cold and then put the fresh skins into this, after first rinsing them in clean water to wash off all traces of blood. The skins should be lifted up and down once a day for a fortnight and then put into a fresh infusion for a second fortnight, then washed in clean water, and, lastly, with a little soap, rinsed in clean water and allow to drain. After draining, rub the flesh side with a little castor oil, and hang up in a cool place to dry. All vessels used must be of wood or earthenware.—J. G. W.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The art of curing small skins properly is not so easily acquired as some may think; only practice makes perfect, and a novice will certainly find some failures. The following process is suitable for mole, cat, dog (small) and rabbit skins. Nail or tack the skin as soon as possible,

kid glove. The final softening of the skin depends greatly upon the hand-rubbing bestowed upon it, and the whole work is by no means easy. A skin that has been allowed to dry in the sun and given up as a bad job may be successfully treated as I have described. Mole skins should be treated somewhat gingerly.—SENEX.

#### VENISON AS A WAR-TIME FOOD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the recent heavy snowstorm in the Highlands deer and grouse have suffered severely. The heavy stags which have borne the brunt of the rut have had a terrible experience owing to the coating of ice on the snow which prevented them from finding the food so necessary to enable them to recover after the rut. Many of the smaller stags are still in excellent



SMALL SHOOTABLE STAGS IN WINTER.



WHEN THE STORM HAS CLEARED AWAY THE RED DEER SOON RECOVERS FROM ITS EFFECTS.

fur downward, on a board, stretching the skin without wrinkles. Mix a pound of alum and half a pound of salt with three or four pounds of fine bran, or sharps, in a gallon of hot water. When cool enough to bear the hand in it, well rub the skin with a sponge or soft brush and let it drain. Next shave and scrape with a blunt knife to remove all bits of fat and rough matter. Loosen the skin, fold it and sew it round the edges with a few wide stitches of thread or wool. Next smear the skin with lard or butter, rub it well in with the hand and put it in a wooden bowl and knead till quite soft. Let it remain for three or four days, then remove the stitches and again well scrape the skin towards the edges, and beat it with a rolling pin or pound it with a mallet. When nearly dry begin to work the skin with the hands or over the back of a chair. When quite soft, rub with pumice stone and brush the fur with a not too stiff brush. The skin should when dry be as soft and white as a

condition, and quite fit to kill for food in these hard times. The object of this letter is to point out that the forests are now full of rubbish as regards heads, and that, owing to so little stalking having been done during the last two seasons, the quality of the heads will be liable to deteriorate in the future if this rubbish is not killed off. In addition to this a most valuable source of food supply is being wasted, and stalkers should, even now, be given instructions to shoot all small stags in good condition with weedy or malformed heads. On one property where this is being done at present, several poor families are being supported by this means. Much discrimination in killing the right beasts is, of course, necessary. An increased number of birds should also be killed; they are far too numerous. I enclose photographs of deer in winter to illustrate my point. It will be noticed at once by an expert that these stags are shootable.—H. B. MACPHERSON.

## A COMPOSITE BRIDGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—There were many wooden bridges such as you illustrated last week across streams in Derbyshire, and some with sheep-catchers attached. These bridges mostly connected footpaths, and were constructed so that when washed from position by "freshets" they received but little damage and could be easily carried back and replaced in position.—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

## A RINGED WOODCOCK IN OXFORDSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—On November 20th there was shot here a woodcock which had on one of its legs a metal ring. Along the ring is engraved, "Mottre 1914," and across the ring is engraved in small letters, "Grine." Perhaps some of your readers may be able to give information about the date when, and the place where, the ring was put on to the bird's leg.—VERNON WATNEY, Cornbury Park, Charlbury, Oxfordshire.



SERBIA'S CORONATION CHURCH.

ander Obrenovich, descendant of that Obrenovich who began Serbia's fight for freedom in 1815.—HORACE WRIGHT.

## COTSWOLD SCULPTURE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

Sir,—When motoring from Appleton to Burford, along the valley of the Upper Thames, a few weeks ago, I was much impressed by the beauty of the carved heads, both on the outside and inside of the buildings, which decorate the stone corbels of the churches visited. I enclose photographs of two, not that they were better than others in the district, but because they were within easy reach of my camera. These show the excellence of the carver's work by the way in which he has combined strength with delicacy in the portraits. He has applied these portraits to architectural ornament and treated rightly the freestone in which they are cut. The man who carved these heads at Bampton Church also carved those at Fifield and elsewhere, for they all show the same masterly handling, which makes them so conspicuously superior to the ordinary grotesque corbel heads and bosses which also decorate these churches. The church of Minster Lovell, which is just off the high road on the way from Bampton to Burford, contains one of the finest alabaster figures in the country. It lies upon a richly sculptured alabaster tomb, which was set up as a memorial to William Lord Lovell about the year 1430, and is in very perfect condition. This tomb was evidently made by the fifteenth century school of alabaster sculptors at Nottingham. At Burford Church the canopied alabaster tomb to the memory of Sir Lawrence Tanfield and his wife has a series of figures ranged round its upper part—I enclose a photograph of one side—which would stimulate the ideas of every student of sculpture by the freshness and vigour they display, and this is the more remarkable considering the date in which they were made. My object in venturing to send you these three photographs is to call attention to the large amount of fine English sculpture hidden away in small village churches, of which the average sculptor knows nothing, and to suggest that later, at a more opportune time, a society be formed whose object should be to tabulate and photograph the work of English sculptors, for it is sometimes asserted that such a school has never existed. Such a society would be richly repaid for its researches. So much beautiful sculpture in monumental work is placed in such confined and badly lighted spaces as to make it impossible for the amateur to take good

photographs of it. A society would be able to employ a skilful photographer who would overcome difficulties which the amateur finds insurmountable. His photographs would be reproduced and given to the subscribers, together with an account of any historical facts connected with them. By this means the but little known English figurework would be more appreciated and be given the prominence it so justly deserves.—LAURENCE A. TURNER.

[Our correspondent's suggestion for a Sculpture Illustration Society was in process of being carried out about a year ago under the presidency of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, but active work has perforce been suspended. When peace comes it will go forward, and we shall publish particulars of the Society's enterprise. Hitherto we have relied too much on the German student in these matters, and this defect, with many another of the same sort, will be corrected after the war.—ED.]



COTSWOLD SCULPTURE



AT BAMPTON CHURCH.



THE TANFIELD TOMB AT BURFORD.



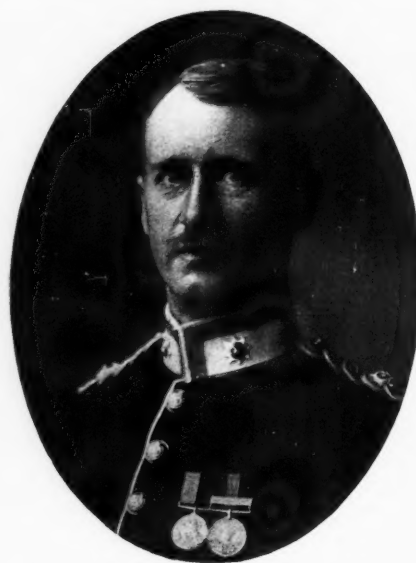
## LINCOLNSHIRE AND THE WAR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I add to the article on "What Lincolnshire has done in the War" the names of Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph Ruston of Aisthorpe Hall, and of some officers of the Lincolnshire Regiment? Major (temporary Lieutenant-Colonel) H. E. R. Boxer came with the 2nd Battalion from Bermuda in October, 1914. In May, 1915, he was transferred to the 1st Battalion and took over the command on the 27th. He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the Distinguished Service Order. Since the attack at Hooge on June 16th he has been reported "wounded and missing." Two among the first Lincolnshire men to give their lives and services in Flanders were Captain Charles Lyell, who fell shortly after he went to France in 1914, and Lieutenant E. H. Owen, formerly of Little Grimsby Hall. Lieutenant Owen, who was in the 3rd Lincolns (special reserve), rejoined at once on the outbreak of war and was killed in action near La Bassée on December 21st, 1914. His brother, Captain H. L. H. Owen, joined the 2/4th Dorsets on the outbreak of war and is now serving with them in India.—M. J.



LIEUTENANT E. H. OWEN.

*Killed in action, December 21st, 1914.*

MAJOR H. E. R. BOXER, D.S.O.

*Wounded and missing.*

of Liverpool Virus. Curiously enough I find it advertised in that very issue of your interesting periodical. I live in a very old house and used to be troubled with rats until a friend told me about the Virus. I got it from a chemist in a sealed tube (3s. 6d.), and directions for using it are clearly stated. It is fatal only to rats; cats or dogs, etc., could eat it without any harmful result. If one rat eats a small piece of toast with the Virus on it the microbe infects every rat about the place, and in about ten days' time the microbes have eaten the rats, even disposing of their tails! In order to avoid the rats dying in the house water must be put outside where they can easily get at it; the Virus causes an intense thirst in a certain number of days after they are infected and they rush for water. I tried all sorts of things for getting rid of these rests, but some always appeared afterwards.—J. A.

## LITTLE WOODEN HUTS?

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may be remembered perhaps that a few weeks ago a question was asked in the House of Commons as to the winter accommodation of our men in the Dardanelles, to which Mr. Tennant replied that timber was being sent from home to supplement the local supplies for hut building. The enclosed pictures, which have been sent to me by a friend in Gallipoli, may be of interest in connection with this point, as they show Turkish prisoners at Cape Helles busy hauling some of this imported timber. As the pictures show, they are not working unduly hard, nor do they appear to be greatly depressed by captivity—P. H.



TURKISH PRISONERS SHIFTING TIMBER.

## WASPS IN SITTING ROOMS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The reference to the above in your issue of November 13th refers, no doubt, to queen wasps which came in to hibernate. There have been an extraordinary number of these this autumn in Dorsetshire. In one window of a disused house at least 200 must have been killed, and some workmen who destroyed these said that they had destroyed as many in the curtains of another mansion. It would appear that, at any rate in the south-west of England, we may expect a plague of wasps next summer.—E. A. RAWLENCE.

## RATS IN HOUSES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent, "E. S.," regarding extermination of rats (issue November 13th), I thought everybody had heard



A BATHE AFTER THEIR LABOURS.

## Knitted Coats for Xmas Gifts

ALL ONE GUINEA EACH

In sympathy with the wave of economy that is spreading over the country, many ladies will doubtless prefer to give Christmas Presents of a practical and useful character. With this object in view we have decided to offer about 2,500 Knitted Coats in real Silk and pure Cashmere, in various designs, all of which are quite fresh and perfect in every way, and are suitable for general country wear, for house coats, for wearing under motor coats, and for Nurses on foreign service.

**A REAL SILK KNITTED COAT** (as sketch), with collar and breast pocket, superior quality yarn. In light sage, navy, tangerine, sage, pink, biscuit, cinnamon, purple, gold, emerald, apricot, royal, tabac, violet, tomato, turquoise, copper and rose. No black or white. Usual price, 52/6

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Wigmore Street,  
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## WOODEN BEDS

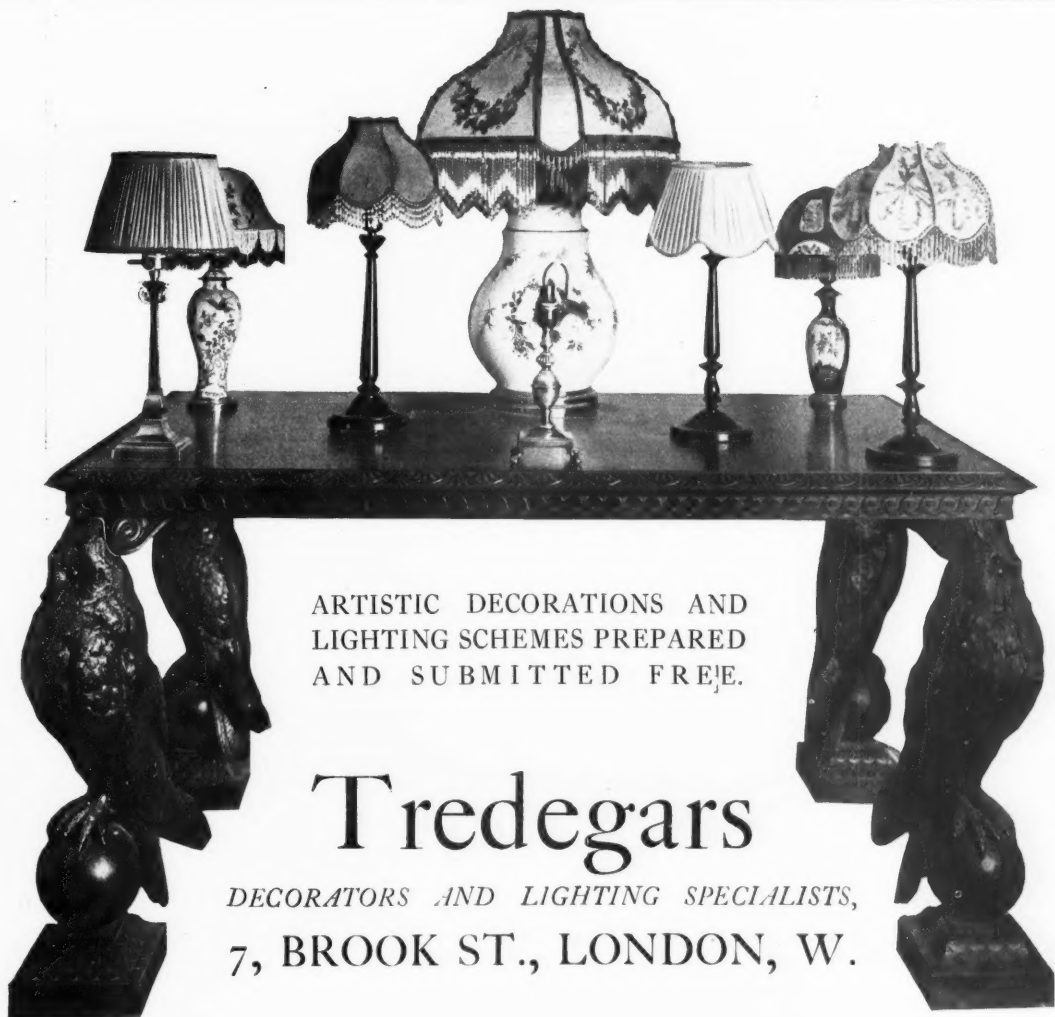


Size 3ft. wide  
£3 10 0

Heal's have made a feature of bedsteads reproduced or adapted from the antique. The example above is in the late Jacobean manner, of dark-toned oak, and notably moderate in price.

Catalogue of "Wooden Beds" sent free by post to all "Country Life" readers.

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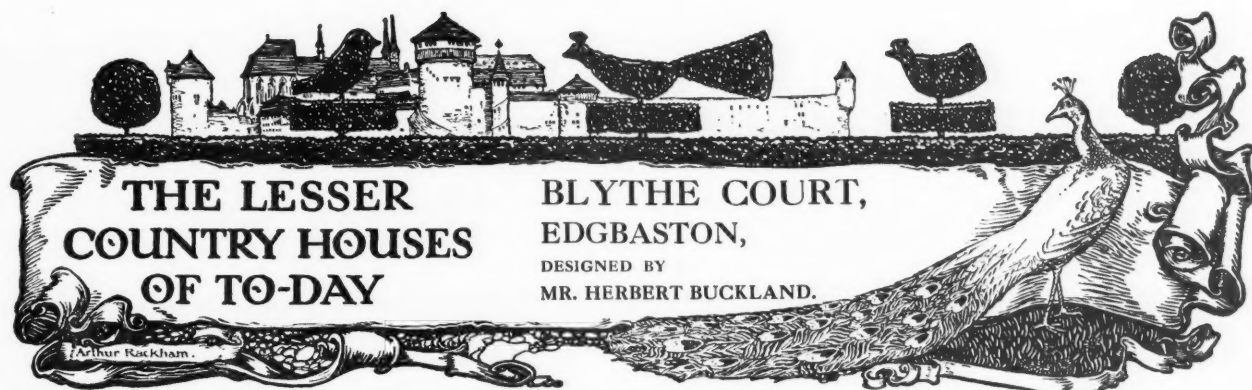
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REFERENCE has often been made in these pages to the debt which Birmingham owes to its architects for the high level of design achieved in its suburban houses. Mr. Herbert Buckland (of Messrs. Buckland and Farmer) has worked on the lines of the definite brick-building traditions which have happily taken a firm hold on local design. Blythe Court is particularly interesting and especially English, because it exhibits in its treatment the national characteristic of compromise. Modern house design follows in the main one or two tendencies. It relies either on irregular planning, with the rooms disposed solely with reference to convenience, and with picturesque elevations in which gables play a large part, or at the other end of the scale, symmetrical planning governs the design and the elevations take on the quiet eighteenth century characteristic which follows the substitution of hipped roofs for gabled ends. Mr. Buckland has adopted a quite unsymmetrical plan, but has achieved a restful effect by leaving broad expanses of plain brickwork and by hipping the roof throughout. The plan is conveniently contrived. Dining-room, drawing-room and what is pleasantly called the home-room open from an ample sitting hall. At the south-west corner of the house, and connected both with the home-room and the drawing-room, is a pillared piazza, or, as it is more usually called, a loggia. A more usual treatment of this feature is to place it in some definite

relationship with the dining-room and kitchen, so that it may be available for open-air meals. In this case its distance from the working quarters of the house suggests that it would not be very practicable to serve there any more

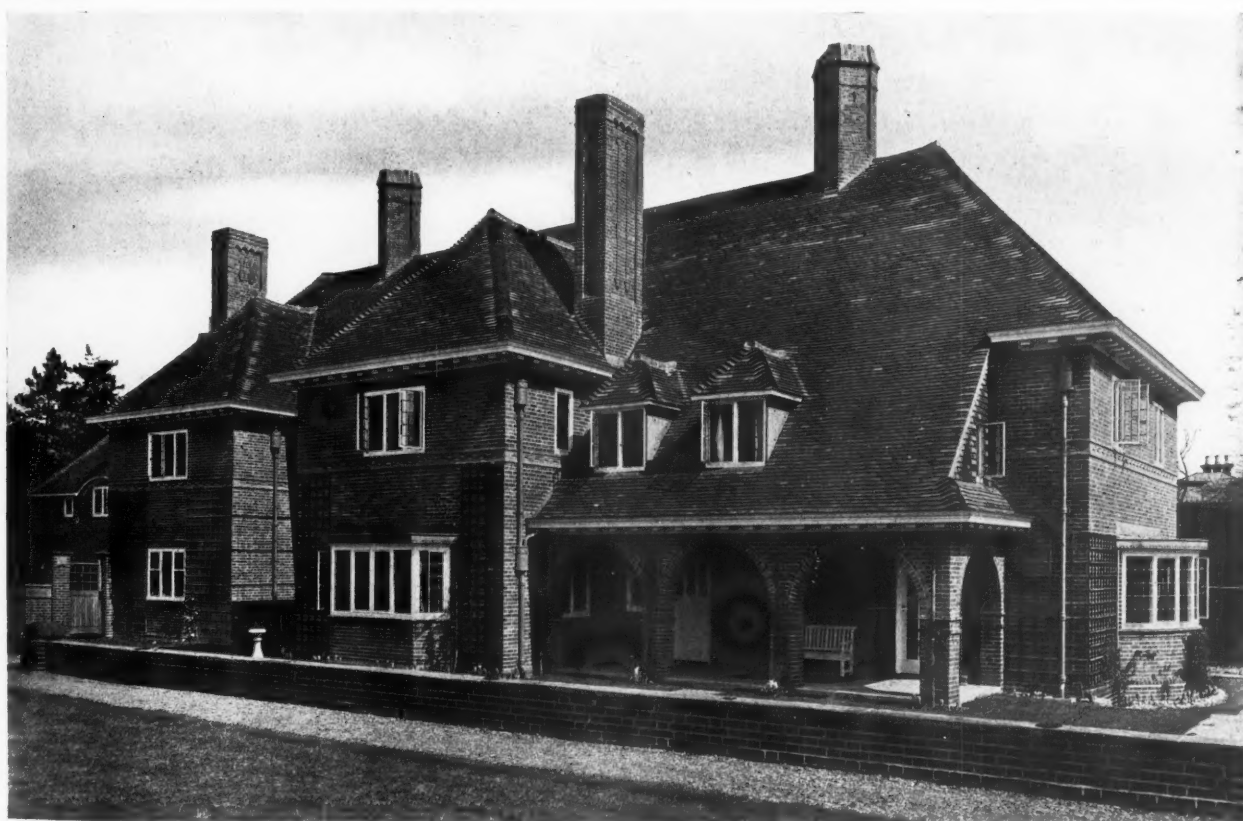


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ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

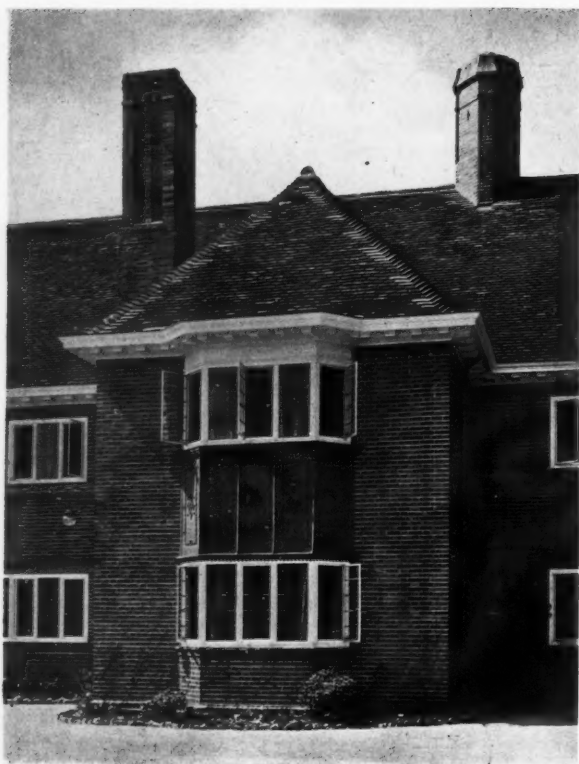
serious meal than afternoon tea. The subsidiary domestic offices are well arranged at the north end of the block in connection with the motor-house and covered shed. The



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THE GARDEN SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright. BAY ON ENTRANCE FRONT. "C.L."



Copyright. LOOKING INTO PIAZZA. "C.L."

plan reproduced sufficiently shows the neat disposition of the bedroom floor. In Birmingham the local brick is particularly hard and sound. Indeed, there are few wall materials so satisfactory from the practical point of view. Until a few years ago, however, this quality of hardness extended to the appearance of the brick, which was, further, of a crude colour. The efforts of architects, however, have converted the brickmaking industry, and the material is now of a more attractive hue and texture. It is still harder in appearance than a good South Country brick, but it is just that the local material should be allowed to show its natural characteristics.

If we look behind the incidents of carefully arranged quietudes of proportion, a house like Blythe Court reveals itself as the expression of order. It is difficult to appreciate exactly how any current movement will work out, but the tendency of the architecture of to-day is certainly towards an increasing reliance on orderly motives of design. They will develop slowly, because, as Mr. Wells says in *The New Machiavelli*, "I have always felt that order rebels against and struggles against disorder, that

order has an uphill job, in gardens, experiments, suburbs, everything alike." Architecture, if it owns any vitality at all, is an expression of its time, and although our rapid social and political reconstruction is accompanied by much

disorder of idea and speech and some irregularity of deed, the aim seems steadily in the direction of order. If we take up Mr. Wells' parable, it is wholly true that order has struggled hard against disorder in suburbs, which is to say, in town-planning, and it is at least worth noting that the arrival of town-planning, as a recognised field of civic effort, coincides with a more orderly outlook on the principles of house-design. Whatever the merits as a novel of *The New Machiavelli*, its second chapter gives the most convincing picture of the sprawling disorder and ugliness of Victorian building that has yet been written, and the town-planner of the future will turn to it as one of the literary justifications of his art. The town-planning movement began in England with the garden suburb in industrial districts, and history will recognise the justice of this, for it was industrialism which begot the hideous disorder

(Continued on p. 67)



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PIAZZA FROM SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



## THE SCIENCE OF RESTING.

### THE IDEAL REST CHAIR.

THE acme of perfection are the rest chairs for which J. Foot & Son, 171, New Bond Street, W., are responsible. There is such a wide range of these chairs to choose from that practically every individual desire can be satisfied. Two views of the "Burlington" model are shown on this page, which is in the highest degree luxurious without giving noticeable evidence of the mechanical means with which the comforting changes of position are effected. It is not only the



FOOT'S REST CHAIR AS A LUXURIOUS ARM CHAIR.

easiest of easy chairs, but it is capable of being instantly converted into a reclining chair or full-length couch. A few words must be said regarding the upholstery, which is on an improved principle with soft elastic spring edges, thereby giving the greatest of ease and restful comfort in any position desired by the occupant. Reverting, however, to the chair proper, the automatic adjustable back can be lowered to any angle desired by the occupant simply pressing a small button and leaning back until the required position is obtained. To raise the back the button is pressed as before and the back automatically returns to its upright position or may be locked at any intermediate

point. Among the many other advantages with which this chair is endowed are the opening sides. They can be opened outwards and turned back, leaving the entire length of the seat free from projections, thus providing easy access or exit. To turn back the sides a small knob must be lifted; when closed an automatic spring catch holds the side in position.

### THE IMPORTANCE OF CONSCIOUS REST.

Now, although these chairs are quite invaluable to the invalid, the professional man and woman as well as the leaders of society have set their stamp of approval on them. In the words of the late Lord Avebury, "the conscious enjoyment of a position of perfect rest" becomes a necessity, not merely a pleasure, and the wise man who makes time for enjoyment at least once during the day for fifteen minutes' conscious rest in a Foot's rest chair is acting in the wisest manner to preserve his health and is assisting Nature in her great recuperative work.

In no cases of illness is conscious rest more necessary, more beneficial than in cases of digestive disorder. By far the greater number of cases of indigestion are caused by over-hurrying at meal times and the insufficient time given to the process of digestion. Men and women owe it to themselves



### FOOT'S REST CHAIR.

*Five minutes spent in the "Foot's" Rest Chair daily affords a real health and beauty treatment and greatly aids the restoration of good looks.*

to enjoy this conscious rest at least fifteen minutes after each meal, no matter at what other periods of the day rest be taken, and those who at present find that digestive troubles follow after meals will find these symptoms speedily banished by the adoption of scientific resting.

### NESTS FOR REST.

It has with truth been said that when a Foot's adjustable rest chair—or, as it has been styled, a nest for a rest—has been installed in any home it becomes an individual chair for each member of the family, and those who are stout, thin, short or tall may control it and adapt it to their individual requirements. These Adjustable Rest Chairs can be obtained only from the Patentees, J. Foot & Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, London, W., and readers of COUNTRY LIFE are cordially invited to call at their Show Rooms not only to inspect, but to actually enjoy ten or fifteen minutes of conscious rest in any one of their chairs. Should distance or other circumstances prevent this a postcard must be despatched for the profusely illustrated catalogue as well as for the interesting brochure No. 14, entitled "The Science of Resting," sent gratis and post free.



### FOOT'S REST CHAIR.

*Adjusted by the mere pressure of a button to an after-dinner position for a person whose digestion is not good.*

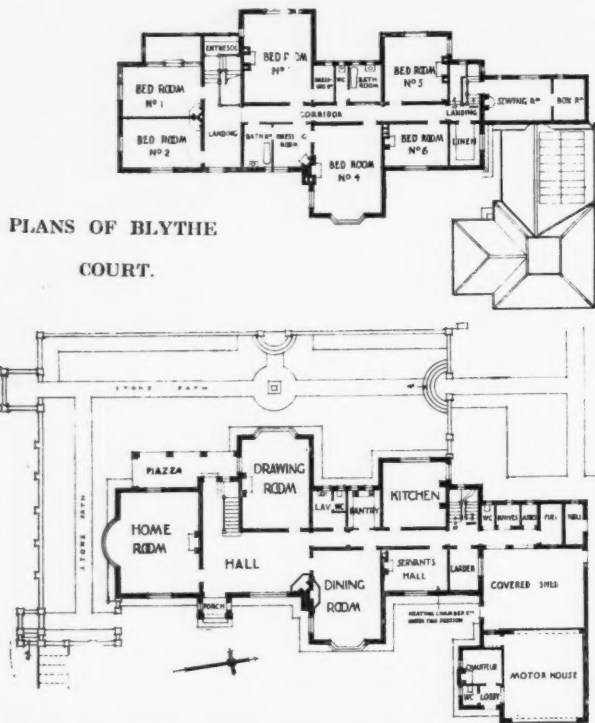




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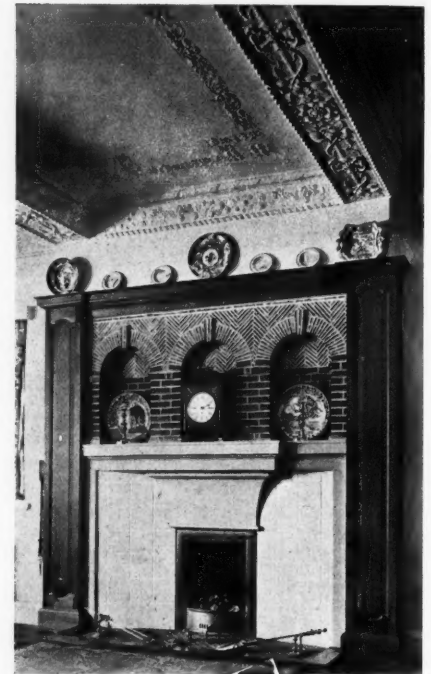
GARDEN FRONT FROM NORTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



PLANS OF BLYTHE COURT.

though few comparatively, will not keep the Gothic spirit alive against the time when there is a reaction towards the architecture of adventure and romance. Meanwhile the need is for order and more order, for a steady purpose to prevent England becoming a waste of unrelated buildings. Until this essential control is established, it is inevitable that the best architectural minds



Copyright.

A FIREPLACE.

"C.L."

will be occupied wholly with problems of order, and this alone must influence individual design in the same direction.

L. W.

**The Book of Sundials and Their Mottoes.**  
by Launcelot Crosse, with Illustrations by Alfred Rawlings and Warrington Hogg. (Foulis.)

THE cult of the sundial gives such continual pleasure to so many people that new books on the subject are always welcome if they are well done. Mr. Crosse's little essay is full of pretty sentiment and the many pages of mottoes are a quarry in which makers of sundials will be glad to delve. It is impossible, however, to be enthusiastic about the illustrations if they are to be regarded as useful records. Mr. Alfred Rawlings provides eight pretty little garden pictures in colour, and Mr. Warrington Hogg thirty-six pencil sketches. These contribute to the making of a very attractive volume but the sundials chosen are not always interesting, nor good examples for use in gardens of to-day. In a book issued by a Scottish publisher we are surprised to see no Scottish examples, which are much more notable on the whole than those to be found in England.



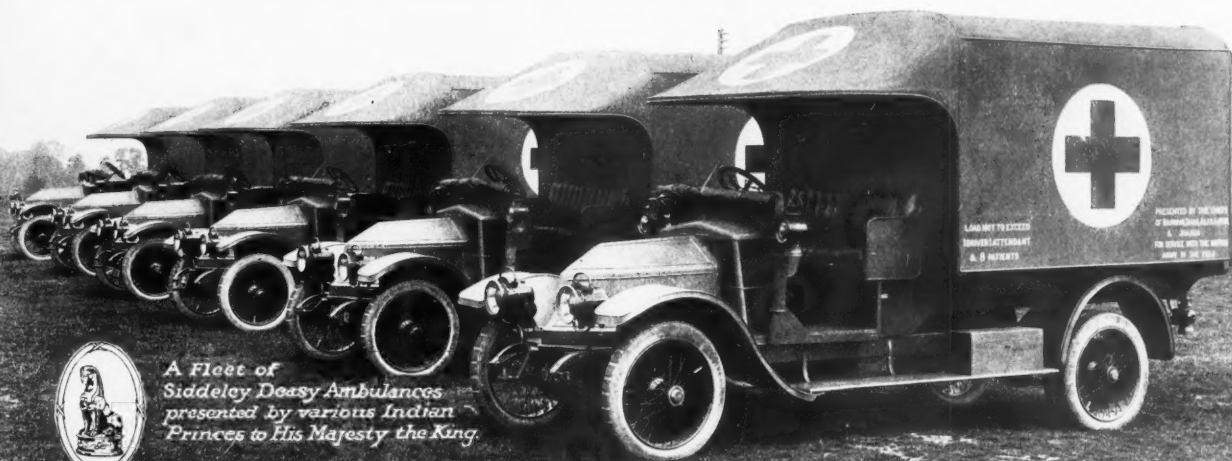
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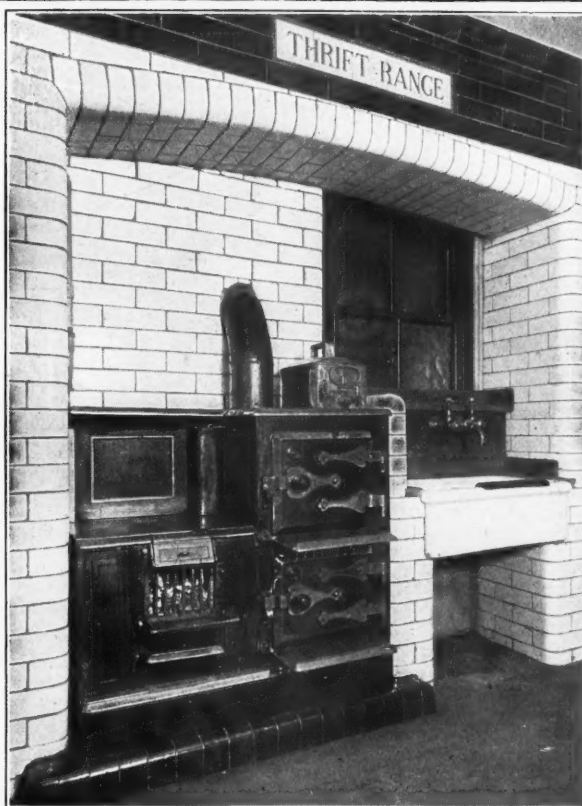
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# WAR ECONOMY AND THE PRODUCTION OF FURNITURE.

BY C. H. B. QUENNEL.

**A**N interesting sign of the times is that more is being heard of economy and less of "Business as Usual" and "War on the Enemy's Trade." It is doubly reassuring, because in the former lies our best chance of getting back to the normal order of things after the war, and at the same time of being in a position to compete commercially with the enemy.



1.—LATH-BACK WINDSOR.

2.—WHEEL-BACK WINDSOR.

"Business as Usual" was a horrible catch phrase which must have given its author many an uneasy recollection since it was invented, and "War on the Enemy's Trade" conjures up a picture of fierce onslaughts by manufacturers armed with mops and brushes of their own making. There is much preliminary spade work to be done before we can capture the enemy's trade, and our house must needs be set in order first. So far as the artistic handicrafts are concerned we are not in a position to start fighting, save only in a few isolated cases.

It is largely a question of national temperament. The average Englishman loves a piece of machinery in much the same way that he understands gardening. He takes to engineering and a garden naturally; it is only when any question of the arts and crafts crops up that he is apt to go hopelessly astray. If the words art and artistic could be banished from the language it would be a great blessing, because certain mental confusions would be avoided. Some rules are common to both art and industry.



4.—HAZEL AND RUSHES.

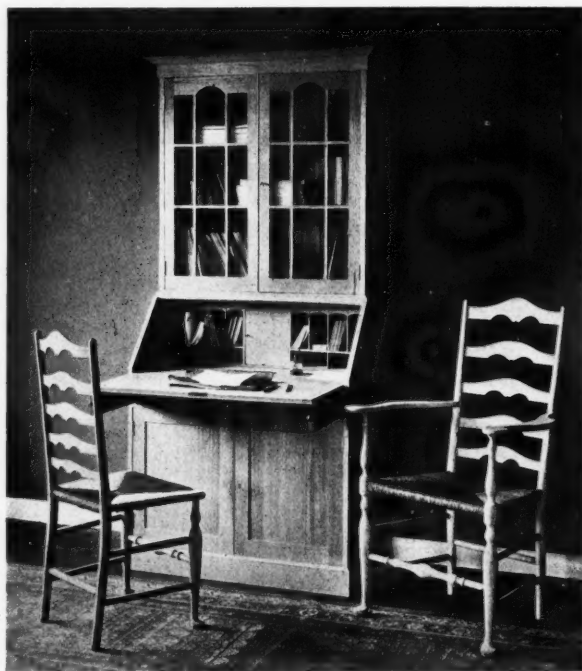
Taking a concrete example, recall the development of the English motor-car. In the early days cars looked like carriages without horses, and the engine was tucked under the coachman's seat, in much the same way that the first railway train looked just like so many stage coaches joined together. From this start the car has developed logically; the

position of the engine has been fixed in relation to the work that it has to do and for accessibility to its working parts. Step by step there have been developments, always prompted by practical necessities, until the present day, when a good English car stands as one of our finest productions. But, assuming that one approached the manufacturer and said, I want an artistic car, he would immediately respond to such suggestion by a liberal use of gold leaf, colour and a general efflorescence of minor beastlinesses, which would at once rob the car of its real beauty.

Art only means fitness, and there is need for recognition that any piece of work which is well done and suits its purpose has its own artistic value.

Our engineering industries proceed on sound lines, because there is progressive development, and their aim is to use their material properly, to eliminate waste and obtain the maximum power; they are not hampered by pretence, and the designer of a modern locomotive does not try to make his resulting engine look like Stephenson's "Rocket." The same principles are badly needed in the artistic handicrafts; we must forget that there have been such periods as "Tudor" or "Sheraton," except for the useful purpose of studying the parts such styles have played in the development of furniture.

It is here that the need for economy may be expected to play a part. We cannot continue to import war munitions, food, luxuries like furs and silks, and such objects of general utility as household furniture, chairs and pots and



3.—LADDER-BACK CHAIRS.

pans, because almost the whole of our exporting energies are being utilised in the production of war material. The necessities which we imported before the war we shall have to make ourselves.

One example may be instanced in the Austrian bentwood chair; this has been imported into England in great quantities, and at the moment you can hardly expect to drink tea, or eat food in any restaurant, without sitting the while you are doing it on an enemy production. Why, it would be difficult to say. The bentwood chair is not extraordinarily beautiful, nor is it difficult to make, but the industry in Austria is an immense one and there are firms